THE LIVING AGE.

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TO TIME.

Skipper, give me the wheel awhile;
  Let me steer the ship.
I would leave the channelled course,
  The steady daily trip.
Sometimes we would go
  Very, very slow;
At other times full steam ahead!
  Away, and let her rip!

Out upon the breakers
  Where the sea-gulls dip,
I would take deep draughts of life
  And mock your timid sip.
Then at my behest
  We would heave to and rest.
Skipper, give me the wheel awhile;
  Let me steer the ship!

Maisie Radford.

The British Review.

WILLIAM HAWKINS.

[Morris's History, in its account of Tudor explorations, states simply that "William Hawkins sailed into the South Atlantic."]

There are some that sail for glory, there are some that sail for gain,
Some sail away from cooked accounts, not stoppin' to explain;
But some just sail for fancy—just promiscous-like and free—
An' Bill 'Awkins, 'e went sailing in the South Atlantic sea.

There are some who've sought a secret way to find a golden land,
An' met instead an ugly death upon a shifting sand;
There are some who've gone exploring where ferocious tigers be;
But Bill 'Awkins, 'e went sailing in the South Atlantic sea.

Columbus made a bee-line, with the patience of a Job;
The niggers brained Magellan, before he'd looped the globe;
All Africa was sailed around by some old Portugee;
But 'Awkins just went sailing in the South Atlantic sea.

Now Cabot sighted Labrador, an' though he didn't stay,
His son went back, and found it waiting there another day;
Hudson, 'e struck a mighty Bay (they called it after 'e);
Bill, casual like, went sailing in the South Atlantic sea.

We don't know why 'e went there, nor we don't know what 'e found,
We only know 'e missed the land, and sorter wandered round.
But if the chance of sailoring 'ad ever come to me,
I'd sail with old Bill 'Awkins in the South Atlantic sea.

Oscar Lloyd.

The Spectator.

THE NEW SPRING.

Never before for certain
  Has Spring been on the earth—
Flowery carpet and curtain,
  Jubilant hedgerow mirth
And glamour that comes to-day
And goes for ever away—
Never before for certain
  Has Spring been on the earth.

Each Autumn I remember
  Autumn the year before,
The sad and same September
  And the dead times of yore;
But here is a magic curtain
Dividing from everything
This unknown wonderful Spring
That has never been before—
  Never before for certain.

Dorothea Sumner.

SEEKING JOY.

Joy, how I sought thee!
Silver I spent and gold,
On the pleasures of this world,
  In splendid garments clad;
The wine I drank was sweet,
Rich morsels I did eat—
  Oh, but my life was sad!
Joy, how I sought thee!

Joy, I have found thee!
Far from the halls of Mirth,
Back to the soft green earth,
  Where people are not many;
I find thee, Joy, in hours
With clouds, and birds, and flowers—
  Thou dost not charge one penny.
Joy, I have found thee!

W. H. Davies.

FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

That geographical isolation and a declared policy of no foreign alliances do not necessarily result in freedom from grave international complications is strikingly shown in the case of the United States. The status of a nation in the group of Powers is much that of an individual in a small community. The more powerful the individual, the greater his responsibility to his neighbors. The forces of internationalism have so increased in recent years that all nations have in a larger sense become neighbors one to the other, each with a neighbor's debt to other members of this vast community of the world as a whole. That the internationalism of to-day extends into both great and comparatively small affairs is illustrated in current events.

When the history of the settlement of the Bagdad Railway question is written, which will be within a few weeks, it will be found to be one of the most remarkable instances of the workings of the balance of power. Upon this railway question have hinged all the problems of the Near East, in which six or seven countries are vitally interested. These have been settled by the forces of international policy with a maximum of justice to all concerned. The international bully has largely seen his day, and an era of courtesy and justice has come about, not perhaps from choice or the ascendancy of virtue, but through the superior force and at the dictation of the equal rights of all nations, or, in other words, of all mankind.

The internationalization of finance and commerce has travelled even farther than that of political power, and these interests now dictate to Governments because of the strength they derive from the source of all political strength, the demands of a denationalized human need. The allied iron and steel industries, for instance, declining to expend their profits in competitive exhibits at the San Francisco Exposition next year, have been powerful enough to stay the hand of the English and German Governments, and, in spite of great political pressure and many compelling arguments, have held these Governments to a decision not to send official exhibits of such size as would require a large following by private enterprise. This is internationalism of most effective kind, for it is a combination of the fiercest rivals for self-protection, one from the other, and for the sake of economy.

It is this growing power of internationalism which has forced upon the American nation a broader outlook, pushed the American Government into world-politics, and, while bringing certain advantages, has also brought in its train attendant the problems, perplexities, and great difficulties of a more complex international life. An unwritten protectorate over Central American territory carries with it a serious responsibility to far distant countries, whose citizens and wealth have found lodgment there. Stemming the tide of immigration has brought about uncomfortable relations with Japan. An exaggerated idea of the value of a passport, and a too willing ear inclined to powerful alien influences within the Republic have resulted in a most awkward and deplorable misunderstanding with Russia, the friend of a century. The building of a waterway for international traffic has led to a quarrel with England as to the interpretation of an English written document. A protective tariff policy leads to constant sparring for advantage with Germany and France. A vigorous attempt to develop the Pan-

American idea arouses the suspicions of the people of South America as to the motives behind it.

All these things come somewhat as a shock to the buoyantly inclined American citizen, who heretofore has rested securely in a sense of far remove from the clash and warfare of conflicting foreign interests. He is gradually but surely, and at cost of much mental discomfort, coming to a realization that America is not a world by itself, to be run from within regardless of foreign interests or even of foreign opinion, but a part of a great community of interests which extends from pole to pole, and around the earth the full length of the equator. It is interesting to note that the foreign relations of the United States were considered of more vital concern by the Government of that country one hundred years ago than they are to-day. This is natural, in a way, for the life of the new Republic was then just beginning, and the comparative weakness of the nation called for diplomacy of the highest order to secure recognition and avert possible combination of foreign Powers against the new Republic.

From 1847 to the time of the war with Spain, sixteen years ago, the people of the United States were occupied, and even preoccupied, with their home affairs. A great civil war was fought, and following this came the period of amazing internal expansion of population, industry, and wealth, which absorbed the attention, energy, and imagination of the nation. The trouble with Spain changed the viewpoint almost overnight, and it was then that a new consciousness of foreign affairs was born in the minds of the present generation of Americans. The problem of overseas administration, and the pressure of over-production upon the home market, started a train of adventure which led rapidly into the international field of politics, finance, and trade. The matter of foreign relations ceased to be merely an exchange of favored-nation agreements, the sending of birthday greetings or messages of condolence upon occasions of disaster in foreign lands.

It may be said of Germany, another newcomer into the international field, that she fought her way into her present place in the sun. Of America it might be said with equal truth that the nation was forced from seclusion by circumstances over which it had little control, and influences which could not be successfully combated. The problems with which the American people are now faced in their foreign relations have arisen out of an increased international activity, and could not have been avoided, for they naturally followed a growth in political power, the active practice of declared principles in dealing with other nations, and the increasing needs of an ambitious industrial community.

The advice given the nation by President Washington to avoid foreign alliances has been followed to the letter, and probably will be so long as the political map of the world is cast upon present lines. The doctrine enunciated by President Monroe to the effect that the American Continents should in future not be regarded by European Powers as ground for possible colonization or territorial expansion was accepted by the American people as wise, and this also has been lived up to without serious opposition. Several times in history the integrity of this principle has been seemingly threatened, but the earnest belief of the people of the United States in its wisdom and desirability has been at once made so apparent that the threat has quickly passed, and as the years go by the idea is apparently accepted by Europe as part and parcel of American policy for which the people of that country would go to war if necessary. That being

the position of all the great Governments, there is now little or no discussion of colonial possibilities in the Americas for peoples not already established there, except by a few foreign publicists who know no better, or who are beating the air for purposes of their own or their masters'.

In this connection a curious manifestation has recently made its appearance in the United States. A certain group of publicists is industriously hammering away at the so-called Monroe Doctrine, evidently in the attempt to weaken its hold upon the public mind. The inspiration for this movement is difficult to place. There are always theorists who are continually writing of what they think ought to be, and of what would happen if national affairs were conducted according to their plans. These people generally disregard existing facts and the logical outcome of things as they are. A state of mind is just as much a fact as the total of a column of figures; and while public opinion changes, there are, as a rule, certain well-defined assumptions within the consciousness of every nation, which must be taken as fundamental to any forecast of national action. The belief that no foreign country should acquire new territory in the Americas is a fact of this character. This belief is ingrained in the American national mind, and a part of every political creed or theory as to the conduct of American affairs. One of the most astute Foreign Office men in Europe recently remarked, in speaking of some writer who was belaboring the Monroe Doctrine: "He is wasting paper. Why talk about it? It is a part of the American national character, and will remain so for our time at least. All international business must be done with the Monroe Doctrine as an essential part of the American system. The American people would go to war for it with enthusiasm, and in the belief they were defending their God-given rights." This man spoke with some irritation, as he does not himself agree with the American position; but he spoke the truth.

The many problems which now confront the Government at Washington in the adjustment of the relations of the United States to other countries are all suffering from the "watching and waiting" policy which at present is most noticeable in the case of Mexico. The Mexican question will naturally have to be settled before much attention can be given elsewhere. It is the hope and prayer of President Wilson, as it is of the majority of the American people, that the United States be not forced to go to war against Mexico, and with all the apparent hopelessness of the present situation, there is still an excellent chance that some way out will be found without involving America in a costly and uninspired conflict or increasing the troubles of the already sorely harassed Mexican people. That not only the people of the United States, but of other countries, believe this trouble may stop short of real war, is shown in the stability of the American share and money markets. But for the stories from Vera Cruz, the readers of newspapers to-day would have no suspicion that the United States was in any danger of such a serious armed conflict as now looms large upon the horizon of the gloomily inclined.

That President Wilson will force the repeal of the Canal Tolls Discriminating Act seems to be a foregone conclusion. He is supported by a great section of the American public and the independent Press. If this repeal is brought about, it should be taken by the English people in the spirit in which it is done, for even President Wilson has officially stated that his advocacy of repeal is not based upon questions of right and wrong, but up-

on economic and friendly grounds; and if Congress yields to the objections made by the English Government, it will be in a spirit of good nature, reflecting that of the nation, and not as a contrite schoolboy making a confession of wrong-doing. If the proposed subsidy to American coastwise ships is waived at the request of England, it is most substantial proof of the existence of solid foundations for the much-talked-of Anglo-American friendship. It will be a case of compromise upon a disputed point, as between two good friends involved in a difference of opinion who do not want to sacrifice their friendship for the sake of carrying a point. To change a proposed law or treaty in the making is not so difficult. To repeal a law to meet the wishes of another nation is no small undertaking, and its accomplishment gives no occasion for gloating or smug satisfaction. The possible benefits of this act of compromise will be lost if the side which profits thereby takes this victory badly or misunderstands the motives of those who championed their cause.

While it is true that many of the international difficulties which have been accumulated by the United States within the past two or three years will have to wait upon the Mexican affair, they will prove none the less troublesome when the day comes that they must be disposed of. Of these problems none is more serious than the present controversy between the United States and Russia. Nearly three years ago a treaty between the two Governments, made in 1832, came to an end through determination by the Congress of the United States. This action was taken on the ground that Russia was discriminating against American passports in refusing a *visé* to those held by certain naturalized Hebrews. The Hebrew element, strong locally in large cities like New York, and powerful in the realm of finance, brought pressure to bear upon the Government and the local politicians. An election was impending, and a resolution denouncing the Russian Government for its action, and giving notice of the termination of the treaty, was rushed through Congress. It was fathered by those who stood to gain politically, and enacted because of the political cowardice or indifference of those who were opposed to such action. The Russian Government was angry at first, and then, metaphorically speaking, shrugged its shoulders and turned its attention to other matters.

As an act of courtesy to America, and so as not to disturb financial and commercial enterprise, the Russian Government has allowed the treaty status to remain, but there is no guarantee that this will go on for ever. American business in Russia is now at the mercy of Government whim, and from many points of view Russia will be quite justified in making the way as difficult as possible for Americans travelling or doing business within the Empire. Overtures for a new convention must come from the United States, but for all this time no attention has been paid to the matter by the American Government. Several abortive attempts have been made to fill the long-existing vacancy in the American Embassy at St. Petersburg, but each appointment, or suggested appointment, has been unfortunate in that it has developed some scandal or unpleasantness. In the meantime, the Russian people are contracting the habit of looking upon America as no longer a friend of Russia and the Russian people; and even if a convention was made soon, it will take years to restore the *entente cordiale* which had existed for the century preceding 1911.

The Russian Government takes the position that it has the right to ex-

clude any and all people it may choose to consider as inadvisable of admission. The American Government position is to the effect that anyone, Hebrew or otherwise, holding an American passport should be admitted on equal terms. The position of the United States is untenable, and is not supported by the Governments of England, France, or Germany. Russia, for reasons of internal administration, cannot yield. It is up to the American Government to suggest to Russia the making of a new treaty, and in the making of the same waive the original hard and fast contention in consideration of certain improvements in the Russian passport system in general, which the Government of that country now has under favorable consideration.

It is true that a new treaty was due between the two countries. The considerations of 1832 are not those of 1914, and under the old convention Russia did not recognize the naturalized Russian in America as other than a Russian subject still. The United States many years ago inaugurated the idea of securing by treaty complete expatriation of foreigners from their native countries upon naturalization in the United States, and in all conventions made with other nations this principle has been agreed to. Even France, a country most tenacious as to the citizenship of those born on French soil, now yields to America the right to terminate a French citizenship in the process of an American naturalization. To secure this same concession from Russia would in itself save the political faith of those who so rudely interrupted the good relations of the two nations, and Russia would probably yield this point in view of the fact that England, France, and Germany have already done so. In the present controversy between the United States and Russia the question as to whether Russia is right or wrong is not involved, for it is a matter in which no one but Russia can have rightful say. The Government of that country claims equal right with other nations to enact and administer such immigration laws and regulations as best suit its purpose. It is not a situation which improves with delay, and it is unfortunate, to say the least, that other matters have so engrossed the attention of the American Government as to lead to apparently studied neglect of a great people with whom the American nation might have expanding and profitable intercourse.

The American State Department has been exceedingly active in the making of arbitration treaties of limited scope with nearly every foreign country, but while these may or may not be a great gain for the permanency of international friendship, they certainly have not been effective in disposing of a single one of the problems in foreign affairs which are on hand to vex the American Government whenever time may be found to recognize their existence and attempt their disposition. Through the political changes which resulted from the election of President Wilson, practically every man with any experience in foreign affairs has been eliminated from Government employ in the State Department at Washington. In their places have been put men unquestionably honestly inclined, and not a few of them extraordinarily able in the management of human affairs, but absolutely without experience in this particular branch of statecraft, and sadly lacking in knowledge of foreign affairs. It is to this newness to the position, and unfamiliarity with unfinished business in the Sate Department that much of the delay in action may be attributed. There is always the hope where Government officials are recruited from private life, as in the United States, that occasionally a genius will be discovered who needed

but the opportunity to become a diplomat of the highest order. It is a lottery for the nation at the best, however, and thousands of blanks are drawn to the one upon which is discovered the winning number.

From the European point of view there is, however, nothing really serious threatening the foreign relations of the United States, barring the job of police administration, which is apparently thrust upon the American people through geographical nearness, financial and industrial interests, and a certain assumed responsibility for the good behavior of their Central American neighbors. Questions such as now overwhelm the American State Department are every-day affairs in a European Foreign Office. They may prove serious to America for a time, owing to the inexperience of those in whose hands lies the settlement, but as soon as it is realized that while geographical isolation yields a certain freedom from Old World troubles, mostly concerned with the balance of power, adjoining frontiers, and vast armaments, it does not mean lack of community interests in common with the rest of the world, the American people themselves will take their State Department for Foreign Affairs more seriously, and with benefit to all.

It was less than two years ago that it was found advisable for political reasons to include a certain statesman within the Cabinet circle. He was suggested for several portfolios, but it was generally conceded he should be made Secretary of State, for in that position "he could do the least harm to the country." What would happen to a European nation that made a man Minister of Foreign Affairs for similar reasons is not difficult to conjecture. An accumulation of international problems of importance to the welfare of a large number of American citizens may not prove an unmitigated evil if it leads to the gathering together of a group of experts in foreign affairs, whose services will be permanently at command, led by a Secretary who receives his portfolio because he can there find play for unusual ability and knowledge of the workings of world-wide forces. This will come to pass when the American people have acquired a fuller consciousness of foreign affairs, and indications are that this will not be long, for events are crowding fast, each and all of them possessing tremendous educational value.

James Davenport Whelpley.

The Fortnightly Review.

IN PURSUIT OF COURTESY.

The desire to be pleased is universal. If only the wish to please were equally universal the world would be a pleasant place to live in. The desire to please is part of that great fundamental principle of doing to others as we wish them to do to us and, though there may be higher moral qualities, there is none which adds a greater amenity to life. By "courtesy" in its outward aspect we mean that good breeding, that engaging manner, that urbanity on which we can rely, without which all the talents in the world will lack half their lustre. Mutual complaisance, attentions and sacrifices of little conveniences are natural and implied as a compact between people who wish to enjoy society. There is, no doubt, an easy, effortless grace that seems inborn in certain people, but whether it is the gift of nature, or whether it arises from careful training, is very difficult to decide: proba-

bly it is always possible to enhance and develop a natural gift, more natural to some than to others, yet in great measure a matter of study, experience, and practice. The words we use, such as courtesy, politeness, or chivalry, contain the root of the matter. They rest on reality, but it is the fruit and flower, not the more useful part of the tree, that attracts us. It is beauty that is the aim rather than worth.

Professor von Ihering in his learned researches into the history of social forms traces politeness and refinement of manners up to the primeval city which was the cradle of the world's civilization: ancient Babylon. The word courtesy, or *höflsch*, befitting the court, Hof, or the word urbanity, the Greek *asteios*, witness to the court and the city as being the original home of manners. Court ceremonial had filtered to Rome through the Persians and its origin was in the Semitic spirit of submission, while the social forms of the Aryans were founded on ideas of self-esteem and equality. The Western nations of the revival borrowed their courtly manners from Constantinople, the Byzantine court which was a mixture of Greek with Arabian. Through Theodoric the Goth, who had been educated there and married a Princess of Byzantium, good manners, ceremonial observances, first reached the other courts of the Middle Ages. In Spain the influence was felt of the grave, punctilious demeanor of the Moor. In this way courts have become the High Schools of good breeding and the absence of that influence may be detected in nations which have never possessed a court.

The Italian courts of the Renaissance and the French court, particularly that of Louis the Fourteenth, mark a turning point in the history of courtesy; the transition from the submissive Byzantine and Oriental school of manners to one leavened with the early Aryan idea of self-esteem which had never been lost sight of by the Greeks and Romans and which forms an element in the good breeding of the present day, so that we have ceased to make the low bows which once were so low that our foreheads touched the ground, and only in walking backwards before the King have we a last glimpse of the homage once rendered to the over-lord.

The old courtesy-books which date from the Middle Ages are amusing reading enough. The earliest Italian version by Dante's preceptor, Brunetto Latini, was issued in 1265, the year in which Dante was born, but Provence was more in the forefront of civilization and no doubt earlier French books of the kind have perished. English courtesy-books do not appear till 1450, but the essentials of courtesy, whether in the thirteenth or twentieth centuries, though they vary in detail, are closely related and essentially the same in idea. It appears in its most genial aspect, prompted by its truest spirit: uniform consideration for others.

As the Middle Ages advance the principles are far more delicate and an exquisite tone begins to prevail in dealing with all sorts of points. This is especially true as regards women: you must explore the way for them, attend on them, and in danger defend them with your life. One exhortation is a master-touch. If a gentleman meet a female relation in the town, she being alone, *if she be handsome*, he shall not accost her as if she were his relative, unless his relationship be well known to the bystanders.

If thou goest through the city [says one of these mentors], I counsel thee to go very courteously. Ride decorously with head a little bowed, for to go in a loose-reined way looks most boorish, and stare not up at the height of every house thou comest to. When thou art talking, mind that thou move not about like a man from the country,

wriggle not like an eel, and when thou art in company always follow their modes and their liking, for thou must not want to be merely suiting thine own taste."

"In church pray not aloud, but silently," and you should not drum with your feet or fingers, or "take the tale out of another man's mouth."

The Italian *cortigiana* implies more than courtiership—not only courtliness, but all the many other qualities and accomplishments essential to what in Castiglione's time was the same: the perfect gentleman. The courtier must be bold and stern where the enemy is in question, but everywhere else modest, gentle and reserved, avoiding ostentation and that impudent self-praise which excites hatred and disgust. The punctilious distinction of classes has always been a vexation among Italians, to whom the endless social scales and grades observed in other nations are quite unintelligible. In Montaigne's time courtesy enjoined that when a person of distinction travelled far afield he should pay a visit to whatever gentleman or prince of note resided upon his route, as a duty to himself and to civilization; *autres temps, autres mœurs*, and it is debatable whether the arrival of the inevitable motor-loads of bores which the system would involve to-day should be compounded with on the off chance of entertaining a Montaigne.

The men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were models of courtesy and good manners. Many of them had received their early impressions in French society, where, in spite of moral laxity, *le bon ton—le bel usage* was a great reality. It was a power which it is difficult to define, for though its existence was confined to a particular class of society, it descended by almost imperceptible degrees into other ranks and exercised an unbounded influence over French thought and action. The gorgeous Court of Louis the Fourteenth, the magnificence of which we should admire if it were not for the ruin it contributed to bring upon the country, the splendor that surrounded Louis's two successors, had created traditions and habits in the highest French society, which no other country could show. In England, on the contrary, the downright character of the people, their inveterate insularity, the pursuits of the highest classes, the country life which was always of such importance, had engendered a sort of John Bull feeling which was adverse to extreme social polish. The influences of the Court waned with the Hanoverian dynasty. Apart from the effect produced by a rich and powerful aristocracy there was little real magnificence or refinement under the first and second Georges, and when George the Third ascended the throne the homely life and *bourgeois* habits of the "Farmer King" were immeasurably removed from French ideas. "La politesse n'est pas le cru de l'Angleterre," says Lord Chesterfield, who had seen a very different picture abroad and who was keenly alive to the difference of English manners. We can hardly blame him for the zeal with which he inculcated in his adopted son that courtliness and grace which had fascinated him in the stately palaces of pre-revolutionary France, in which people studied the art of pleasing as they now study those which produce profit and power.

To the men of that day, when duelling still obtained, and when a brusque expression or ill-considered gesture was liable to be called to instant account, it was felt that there would be no living, either in courts or in their world of society, if men did not learn to conceal and dissemble their feelings, even at the just causes of resentment that met them at every turn, and that were courts not the scene of politeness

and self-restraint they would become one of slaughter and desolation. It was recognized that courtesy aimed at facilitating life so that it should become a less troublesome game, and that fewer misunderstandings should arise among the players.

Lord Chesterfield's advice in his famous letters is so pithy, so reasonable, and so far-sighted that one condones its occasional cynicism, which, after all, seems more of his time than of his nature. He does, indeed, lay undue emphasis upon social success and adjures young Stanhope "for God's sake to think of nothing but shining." It is both humorous and pathetic to hear the anxious and really devoted father, himself the courtly aristocrat, conscious of the supreme importance attached to appearances by his own world, adjuring his awkward, thick-set, mumbling boy to "sacrifice to the Graces," "invite, entreat, supplicate them in all you say or do," and inquiring anxiously if he has yet been stamped by any Venetian lady of fashion with the magic hall-mark of "le petit" Stanhope.

How, then, shall we define or describe this urbanity which has always held such a high place in civilization?

Good manners are to particular societies what good morals are to society in general—their cement and security. And as laws are enacted to prevent the ill effects of bad morals, so certain rules and forces of public opinion ought to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. Such things may seem trifles, but considered relatively to the great and necessary art of pleasing they are of infinite consequence. All those men who have been models of courtesy and good breeding themselves have realized the enormous importance of these qualities in the common transactions of life. Even from a commercial point of view we hear again and again of the marvellously paying qualities of politeness. Not merely the politeness of etiquette —that such a thing should be done in such a way—but the courtesy that is of ourselves, which rises superior to the vicissitudes of events, that never shows that we find other people a nuisance or civility too much trouble.

Courtesy is not quite the same thing as good manners. A man may have very polished manners, founded on perfect self-possession and the habit of good society, and yet be capable of discourteous actions done in a finished way; and again, the spirit of courtesy may be apparent when the manner halts and stumbles. Good manners are an important addition, a well-nigh indispensable part, yet they do not constitute the actual nature and substance of courtesy. While they contain an element that is permanent and precious they contain also an element that is transitory, capricious, conventional, a matter of fashion, not feeling. The distinction between the courteous and the merely well-mannered does not rest upon temporary and changeable bases; it rests upon inward feelings of which the outward manner is the indication and sufficient sign. The word has a pleasant sound. It makes us think of all sorts of delightful, romantic people: Saladin and the Cid, Alexander and Pericles and Don Quixote; old-fashioned, genial people: Sir Roger de Coverley, Colonel Newcome, Mr. Pickwick, and My Uncle Toby. "Shall courtesy be done only to the rich, or by the rich?" asks Carlyle. "In good breeding which gracefully remembers the rights of others, rather than insists upon its own rights, I discern no special connection with wealth or birth, but rather that it lies in human action itself and is due from all men to all men." The precepts of the old Jesuit colleges in France teach that the greatest magnetism in the world is

civility, conforming to the humors and infirmities of others. Their textbooks overflow with maxims full of delicate perception, such as a counsel not to express joy in any prosperity on your own part, before those who are ill or in trouble.

We are liable to look upon courtesy as a lighter kind of qualification, lying outside the system of morality, which a man may not possess and yet be a very good fellow all the same. It is much more and goes much deeper than this, and yet it depends a great deal upon small things. *Un honnête homme* signified in France rather a gentleman and a well-bred man than an honest one. To be a well-bred man without being an honest one is a poor recommendation, but to be an honest man without good breeding is to be a very disagreeable person.

Courtesy is that which affords pleasure to the feelings and imagination of those with whom we have to do. Two people may say much the same thing. It is the manner in which it is said that makes the difference, but that difference is great. What diverse ways men have of doing a favor! One, perhaps a really kind-hearted person, will do it in a grudging, discourteous way that robs it of its grace, while another by his manner will double our gratitude. A man should not be content to say only what is true, but should study to say it with grace. There is a half discourtesy about some people which proceeds from a want of minute attention to the feelings of others. It does not imply malignity but a want of delicate perception of those little things of which pleasure is composed or by which pain is excited. Sydney Smith says of this sort of person that with the greatest good temper and volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual point of view or position, he gallops over a thousand fine feelings and at every step leaves the marks of his hoofs upon your heart. Analyze the conversation of a well-bred man; it is perpetual homage to polite good nature. In the meantime the person on your other side (a most excellent, moral man) has been crushing little sensibilities, and violating little proprieties, and overlooking little discriminations, and without saying anything that you can take hold of has left you vexed and dispirited by the lack of that fine sympathy which a considerate nature bestows.

Thoughtfulness makes a great point in the difference between the merely good-natured man and the courteous one. There are many people who would do kindnesses and pay attentions if they only thought of them, whereas the truly courteous man does think. *He makes the necessary mental exertion.* It is thought, refined, considerate thought, that gives the finish. It is a pity that our translation has missed the courteous phrase of St. Paul and headed his address to the refined, sensitive Athenians with the clumsy, offensive words "I perceive that you are too superstitious"; whereas what he really did say, as a ground to go upon, was "I perceive that ye are deeply reverential," which verdict, being perhaps rather undeserved, must have given the Athenians real pleasure.

"Materiam superabat opus" is often said of works of sculpture, implying that, though the material is valuable, the work expended upon it is still more so. This holds good of manners, which make a greater impression on nine tenths of mankind than the intrinsic value of the individual. "He who pleases, places his perhaps small stock of merit at high interest; what vast returns must real merit, thus adorned, bring in!" The practice of courtesy implies taking trouble to make the most of this world with regard to our relations with mankind, and this involves a good deal of deliberate and sustained effort,

where countless daily opportunities are afforded us of winning by veriest trifles.

"To be *distrait* in society," Lord Chesterfield warns the unresponsive but longsuffering "petit Stanhope" "is unpardonable. A man might as well be dead." "Attend to and look at whoever speaks to you, and guard against being absent or *rêveur*. It is true that you will often be obliged to attend to things not worth anybody's attention, but it is a sacrifice necessary to be made." "If God gives you wit, wear it like your sword, in your scabbard . . . a wise man will live as much within his wit as his income and will never sacrifice courtesy to the temptation to say a witty thing." "Have a watch over yourself never to say anything that any person who hears you can reasonably or probably resent or be distressed by. 'Il ne faut pas parler du corde dans la maison du pendu.'"

Disputes and arguments are apt to become a sort of trial of understanding and liable to end in the mortification of one or other of the disputants, but whether Lord Chesterfield's advice, that when a dispute grows warm you should put an end to it by "some genteel badinage," would find favor with an ardent and heated Suffragette or an enthusiastic anti-vivisectionist may perhaps be open to doubt. Every man and woman, however, should study the art of giving up with a good grace. The charm of society lies in that sort of freedom and flexibility that makes each member pliable to the influence of the rest and able to slide into the moods and tastes of others without a jar. Courteous people can modify their own tastes and turn their eyes from opinions that do not suit them to those that do, for when heat and love of victory and pride of opinion step in, courtesy is too apt to step out.

A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary outwork of manners. In fact some writer remarks that manners were invented to keep fools at a distance, but the whole essence of true courtesy lies in the wish and the art to please others. Good breeding has been called surface Christianity, and we must stretch it to embrace the King and the laborer. It is founded on self-denial and a respect and consideration for others that spring from the heart. In order to judge of the mind of another study your own, for men are very much alike, and to realize their feelings inclines us to raise and help them rather than to make them feel inferior and to mortify and depress them.

Whoever is admitted into society is, for the time at least, supposed to be on a footing with the rest, and it is not only rude but brutal to show that you do not think him or her worth listening to.

Pitt, Earl of Chatham, who was a very noble gentleman, enjoins politeness because it is right and forbids rudeness because it is wrong.

I would venture to call politeness *benevolence in trifles* [he says], or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table, what is it but sacrificing ourselves in trifles to the convenience and pleasure of others? It is perpetual attention (by habit it grows easy and natural to us) to the little wants of those we are with by which we either prevent or remove them. Boring, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness: that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will give this but a mind benevolent and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with? Benevolence in greater matters takes a higher name and is the queen of virtues.

Thus expressing all degrees of gener-

osity, from the merest faculty to oblige up to the heights of magnanimity and love.

The politeness of French people seems particularly easy and natural, whereas the English are often awkward in their acknowledgments and when they want to be civil have an embarrassed way of expressing themselves. One asks why people should be so unable to thank as they often appear to be, and why they should not give polite, grateful thanks as easily as they ask what o'clock it is.

Up to this point we have been presupposing that we value courtesy and that we must all wish to avoid ruffling those with whom we are brought into contact. It has often been agreed in the past that it was difficult enough to be entirely blameless in this respect; that on all hands were pitfalls and that the safeguards of tact and self-subordination needed wary strengthening; that here and there a privileged person might be rude, but was looked on as eccentric; no one suggested, however, that we should not *wish* to avoid the pitfalls, but rather take a delight in plunging into them.

But lately we have heard a great authority lamenting as a matter of fact the decay of manners all over the world. At once we may gladly recognize that we happily still all know a number of men and women, of boys and girls, with delightful manners. Yet the mention of such a theme as this has drawn forth the almost invariable comment, "A lost art, isn't it?" "Oh, there is a great deal that needs saying on that point!" There is a consensus of opinion that people can lay claim to the fine flower of culture, to the most exquisite and fastidious attitude towards life, and yet are not otherwise than complacent if they can add the prestige of being called "the rudest man—or woman—in London"; that it is not uncommon to find people in the society that is considered good asserting their security of position by pushing aside those who stand on a more precarious footing; that, if anyone not belonging to their peculiar clique swims into their ken, they show their superiority by making him or her feel thoroughly out of it.

The writer heard a discussion a few weeks ago as to whether one of the speakers should call upon the newly made wife of a distant cousin, a lady of considerable social and intellectual distinction. "I used to know her husband, and his father and mine were first cousins and very good friends, and I hear she is a delightful person," she pleaded wistfully. "I don't advise you to go," answered her hearer. "She only cares for her own friends and would be sure to be rude to you—*she's that sort of woman.*" Deplorable but true. A person may be distinguished, clever, charming, and yet lead the way in deliberate want of courtesy. We could point to such people: men and women of wit, taste and talent, with the will and the power to gather round them the best that life, socially, has to offer. They can afford pleasure to those they like and can throw off the bird and whistle him back at will. Such an example is sure of its camp following, and the fashion is one that spreads very easily. Snobbishness thrives upon it, for we have no hesitation in declaring that slights, neglect and incivility are seldom practised upon those who are of great social importance and who have much to give. People are seldom tempted to be rude to those whose acquaintance they find convenient, and the climber, having climbed high enough, is often *persona grata*. The noisy, unattractive woman, the commonplace, uninteresting man are received with cordial attention by those who affect to be most fastidious, if their position is sufficiently exalted or their fortune sufficiently large. It

is the unimportant visitor, the shy acquaintance—who says the wrong thing out of sheer nervous trepidation—the individual whose place in the social scale is a little uncertain, the man or woman who is so unlucky as to be rather prosy or second-rate, as many worthy souls are—the poor relation distinguished by those traits which dear Charles Lamb satirized, not all unkindly—the country neighbor coming at an inopportune moment, who obtain short shrift. Observe the nobody who has been allowed to enliven the tedium of some watering place, or whose hospitality has been accepted in the wilds of another hemisphere and who is so unwise as to pursue his advantage in town; he will be lucky indeed if it is not made clear to him that the elect are once more on their own ground, where they do not want and will not have him. This sort of discourtesy is not the outcome of awkward brusquerie; on the contrary, its perpetrators pride themselves on charm of manner and can make themselves attractive enough when all goes well. The warmth within the magic circle is in sharp contradistinction to the chilling cold outside.

If we analyze the inner springs of this kind of discourtesy we might put stupidity, a sort of mental bluntness, first. A keen and sensitive imagination, quick to enter into the feelings of others, will save its owner from inflicting many a painful slight, but the rush and variety of modern life rob us of the leisure to think and feel, and the imaginative nature develops less readily than of old. "Let us leave hurry to slaves," says one writer. But men are on the whole too much in a hurry to-day to spare time for the delicacy of beautiful carriage and customs. Some people have a strain of cruelty and really enjoy inflicting stings. Youth is not uncommonly both stupid and cruel, and these engaging tendencies hardly require the stimulus they sometimes receive from example and education. Who has not noticed girls who are the true daughters of their mother and can stare and ostracize to a moral Siberia a girl who does not belong to their set? One meets or hears of young men who are negligent, wanting in courteous observances, refusing to take the trouble to answer invitations, showing how bored they are by old friends or relations. A popular novelist draws only too accurate a picture of a young man of rank, who for his own ends has accepted the invitation of a *parvenue* and who responds to his hostess's delighted *accueil* by "standing with a vacant frown upon his face all the time she was speaking: a child could have seen he was longing to get away." "It is in these kind of ways that Frenchmen are more polite," adds the acute Elizabeth. "The Marquis always continued to wear an interested grin when Godmama, equally against his inclination, kept him by her."

Boys and girls used to be very carefully trained in politeness. They learned to efface themselves. Perhaps the thing was overdone, but any such mistakes have been abundantly rectified. Now parents seem to vie with one another to make their children as selfish as possible. They must not sit through a sermon lest they should find it tedious, lessons must not be irksome or make any demands upon their endurance. The habit of gratifying every impulse, the shrinking from all dull and tiresome obligations, the satisfying the craving for constant amusement inevitably result in a want of self-control and self-restraint. The gospel of *fay ce que vouldras* is prescribed more widely and is followed with more enthusiasm than any other and is responsible for a large share of callous indifference to the feelings of others in after-life. By the time lack of

courtesy becomes apparent the sinner is beyond the age of reproof. Habits have been formed and even in superficial ways the boy or girl has slid into a hundred little departures from grace of speech or bearing. It is almost impossible to inculcate constant charm of manner in those who are uniformly bent on pleasing themselves. Young people get an unattractive decision, a sort of slap-dash assurance, a total want of delicate half-tones. It is the little touches that make, the little flaws that mar, and urbanity, taught and practised in the home, would not leave so much to learn in intercourse with the world at large. It is hardly necessary to specify those homes which in theory everyone condemns, in which members of the domestic circle blurt out all the disagreeable things that occur to them: "What made you buy such a guy of a hat?"—"You look as yellow as a lemon this morning"—"How fat you're growing!" and so on. Courage to say disagreeable things when necessary can be a sublime quality, but French people who live so much in families say that they can only preserve the harmony they do preserve by eliminating as far as possible such perilous openings as "I think it only kind to tell you," or "I am going to be quite frank with you."

Who can tell where the want of ability to control our inclinations, the habit of allowing ourselves to neglect the restraints of courtesy may land us? There is on record the case of an able man who received an important appointment abroad, but the wife who went out to help him could not govern her private predilections, and after a series of small incivilities to the local magnates was betrayed into so glaring an act of insolence that her husband soon after (on some excellent pretext) sent in his resignation. One wonders (if she were not a fool) what she felt about it. She had lost the opportunity of following in the steps of the many noble women who have set aside their tastes, their health, life itself in the determination to serve their country; she would be judged by many, incapable themselves perhaps of exalted conduct, but with wit to recognize the sort of conduct which is inadequate.[1] Or we hear of a girl marrying into a great position, going to a neighborhood where in times past her husband's people had been almost adored, and by dint of giving way to every caprice, speaking of the country neighbors as the "natives" and "aborigines" in the hearing of servants, making a practice of returning no calls (except of course those of a few magnates who may be regarded as her peers), soon getting herself disliked for her lack of kind feeling and despised for her want of good breeding by those who had been eager to welcome her.

It is sometimes said that democracy is accountable for the decadence in manners, that in the reaction from servility we find the village girl refusing to "drop her curtsey," but go a little way below the surface and you will still find anxious politeness flourishing. Railway travelling seems to induce numerous forms of discourtesy, but the unselfish consideration and civility displayed in a crowded excursion train or in a packed meeting puts to shame the more exclusive traveller or seat-holder, whose sulky looks on being disturbed once caused someone to say that you never saw a Christian in church or a lady in a first-class carriage.

It is indeed to the poor that we must turn for the most exquisite courtesy. How often in a cottage have we not been received with a manner that is

[1] Cf. "Don Quixote," Part II. chapter xlii. : "If thou bring thy wife with thee (for it were not fit that those who are to govern long, should be without them) teach her, instruct her, refine her naturall rudeness ; for many times all that a discreet Governor gets, a clownish foolish woman spills and loses."

absolute perfection? It is a manner that is the outcome of a mind at leisure, full of that presence of mind that goes with entire unconsciousness of self, anxious to please and saying instinctively the right and kind thing. The finished courtesy of a really high-bred woman, innate and instilled, courteous less because of what is due to others than because of old tradition and of what is due to herself, is a very perfect thing, but it is not more perfect than that of the humble-minded woman who has never thought of herself at all.

We must all have remarked how courtesy begets courtesy. The author of *In the Desert* speaks of a tall, lean, keen-faced sheyk with whom he once travelled in a steamer on the Upper Nile, a man "who walked the crowded deck like a chief among his slaves," and how quick he was in detecting the least sign of consideration or respect at his appointed hours of prayer. "If we stopped talking or moved to make room, he would treasure up the courtesy and when his prayers were over turn to acknowledge it with a grave gesture and a smile that expressed the intention of a deliberate friendliness." As that delightful and humorous person the self-made merchant says in his letters to his son: "Learn to shove back a bit from the gasburner, to let the village fathers get their feet on the fender and the sawdust box in range, and you'll find them making a little room for you in turn."

A very fierce old Radical once gave the writer a description of his and his wife's attendance at the morning service in a fashionable London church. He had been drawn there by the wish to hear a very fine preacher who had a reputation in the labor world, but when he found himself among the unaccustomed throng, with a shining young lady in silk and pearls next to his poor old shabby wife, the inequality of worldly fates was suddenly borne in upon him and, raging inwardly, he could attend to nothing. And then in one moment such a small thing altered everything. Old Eliza had no hymn-book, and the beautiful girl by her side offered a share of her own. "And there was her white glove on one side and Liza's old black cotton thumb on the other, and presently Liza she dropped her handkerchief and the lady she picked it up. With no condescension, mind you, but as the proper behavior of a young woman to an old one," and all the resentment was swept away and the sermon could be listened to in comfort. And in situations where it is less easy to be polite, where people are pushing for the best places, or asking for some concession in a dictatorial manner, or contradicting us flat, nothing calls them so quickly to a sense of their shortcomings as punctilious courtesy.

"But oh!" exclaim our hearers—the capricious fine lady, the headstrong pleasure-hunter, the young man alive to the fact that the world is at his feet, the racketing girl, "how can one be bothered?" If some irksome social obligation cannot be escaped, a lament goes up to heaven which would be exaggerated in face of real misfortune. Life is short, and to spend in dulness a day that might be crammed with pleasure is a calamity. Of course self-interest may come in. Christmas with an old relative from whom one has expectations, a party to country constituents, are martyrdoms that have to be faced bravely, but why waste time and vitality and expose oneself to the frightful risk of being bored for the sake of some humdrum creature who appears unasked within one's line of vision? What a dangerous precedent would be established. The remedy is in your own hands—the vacant stare, the long pause, the evident want of interest. After that you need only abstain from returning a visit or turn

your back next time you meet, and the process is complete.

It is no answer to say that we only ask to be let alone and to have the right to choose our own friends. We may hold with Voltaire that the whole world is full of people not worth knowing, and perhaps we do not gain much from the mass of those with whom we come into contact; but no one can live to his or her self, nor even, if a man or woman of the world, to a very small and restricted circle, and to maintain consistent selection we must be prepared to cut and stab. And to many people, perhaps merely from the dislike to taking trouble, from the fashion of pursuing the line of least resistance, from want of thought and habit, this cutting themselves free comes easily enough.

But do not let such people flatter themselves that all the time they gain everything and lose nothing. Those who cannot endure that any tedious or commonplace element should enter into their lives, who ignore and decline the mental effort necessary for a consistent courtesy, do stand to lose something after all. It is perhaps nothing that they value because it is almost impossible for them to perceive it, for of all the features by which they are distinguished intense self-satisfaction is the strongest. It never occurs to them to doubt that they are securing the very best of life. Yet others come back to them after an interval of years and find what might be expected—that in mind they have stood still; that they have hardened and crystallized into their groove, a groove of the limitations of which they have no perception. Intolerance, a disregard of wide humanity, a want of large-hearted sympathy, which are all implied and included in discourtesy, take their own revenge in petrifying the springs of life and thought. You find such people repeating the same phrases, keeping their old judgments, their old ideas of culture and social distinction and success, and collecting the thoughts and opinions of others upon human nature rather than developing their own. You find them growing coarser in fibre, less sensitive in feeling, losing in depth of experience and mellow kindliness, and destroying any vision they may once have had of generosity. Everyone is apt to be betrayed at times, by health or temper or haste or weariness, into falling short of his own ideal, but one will regret that he has been rude, while another will not realize it or will not care.

True courtesy has its roots very deep in the character and makes us think leniently of people we have all known, who may have been erring and imperfect in many ways, but whose kindness and dislike to hurting the most insignificant have reconciled us to their shortcomings.

Is it really true, as Lord Rosebery declares, that we are letting go of this quality on which so high a value has been set? If so, what is destroying it? Is it the general increase of wealth? Heaps of money means enjoyment, self-indulgence, the doctrine that selfish amusement may be the main directing purpose of life. Those who have much to give say they must keep off the mass of those who want to get. Plutocracy sometimes means *roturier* antecedents in those who set the example. Old traditions go to the wall, and the doctrine of *noblesse oblige* is not always strong enough to escape contamination.

Anyhow, we will not admit that we are discussing a small thing, and, with Emerson, we will not be driven from the belief that love is the basis of courtesy.

This marks your treatment of the unfashionable and the unattractive. All men feel the noble exception of your presence and your house from the general bleakness and stoniness. The

forms of courtesy universally express benevolence in superlative degrees. What if they are in the mouths of selfish men? What if the false gentleman almost bows the true out of the world? What if the false gentleman contrives so to address his companion as civilly to exclude all others from the discourse and to make them feel excluded? Real service will not lose its nobleness . . . nor is it to be concealed that living blood and a passion of kindness does at last distinguish God's gentleman from Fashion's.

The Nineteenth Century and After. *Evelyn March-Phillipps.*

OUR ALTY.

By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell).

CHAPTER XIX.

When Alty went up to the farm on the following morning, she found John waiting for her on the threshold.

"Come and see the old lady," he remarked cheerfully. "I have told her how 'tis between you and me."

He spoke with forced cheerfulness, but Alty, whose perceptions had been sharpened by recent events, detected a shade of nervousness in tone and manner.

"Hadn't I better get the odd jobs done out o' doors first?" she asked tremulously.

"I don't know as you'll be let do that mak' o' work any more now," he rejoined. "Things are altered, ye see; you're to take the missus's place now."

He nodded at her encouragingly, but Alty, as much depressed, it must be owned, by this aspect of affairs as by her doubt concerning the reception she was likely to receive from her future mother-in-law, followed him into the house with a dispirited air.

John discovered to his chagrin that the parlor door was open, and the first glance at his mother's face assured him that she had overheard his concluding remark to Alty.

Mrs. Fazackerly was seated in her big chair, a large limp hand on either knee, while the expression of her countenance would have been more becoming to one witnessing the departure of a funeral than preparing to embrace a bride.

"Alty's coom," said John, still with a brave assumption of cheerfulness.

Mrs. Fazackerly, without turning her head or extending her hand, rolled her eyes in the direction of Alty's face, and suffered them to rest there with a tragical expression.

"Come forrard, Alty," said John, propelling her gently forward by the elbow. "My mother knows as you and me is promised to each other," he said, thinking it well to renew the announcement in the old lady's presence. "Coom, mother, you've often wished for a daughter, and now I've brought you one."

Mrs. Fazackerly again rolled her eyes, this time in John's direction; they still wore an expression of the profoundest gloom.

"I'm sure I'll try to be a good daughter to ye," faltered Alty. "I'd like to do the best I could for ye—ye was always kind to me."

"I don't want no compliments," said Mrs. Fazackerly. She paused, her face working a little. "If ye think to coom missusin' me you're mistaken."

"Eh, I never thought o' such a thing," stammered Alty, looking appealingly at John, who supplemented her protest by an emphatic "Far from it."

Mrs. Fazackerly, her fat forefinger pressed against her lips, rolled her head slightly from side to side, and presently remarked in a tone of concentrated wrath:

"I believe lease is made out in my

name—Feyther thought o' that, and 'tis well he did."

"That's neither here nor there," said John, a little angrily too.

"It's here *and* there," insisted his mother impressively, if a trifle inconsequently. "If ye don't believe me," she added, turning fiercely to Alty, "yo' can step outside and read name what's wrote on the carts—aye, on t' very milk-cart—*Anne Fazackerly*. While I'm wick, I'm missus here."

"And while I'm here I'm master," said John firmly. "Don't forget that, Mother. Alty's comin' here as my wife and your daughter. She'll take the daughter's place. She knows the respect as is due to you, but there's respect due to her, too——"

"*Is* there?" queried Mrs. Fazackerly, apparently addressing her question to the ceiling, judging by the direction of her eyes.

"There's every respect due to her," insisted John, whose voice was now shaking with wrath. "And if she doesn't get it under this roof I'll see as she gets it elsewhere."

"Ha," exclaimed Mrs. Fazackerly, "so that's what you're aiming at? You'll be for leavin' your owd mother to shift for hersel' in her owd age!"

Here she began to cough and to cry simultaneously; and Alty, characteristically forgetting her personal troubles, rushed towards her and threw her arms round her neck.

"There, don't ye cry, Mrs. Fazackerly," she exclaimed. "I'm sure I'd never, never want to come between the master and you, and I wouldn't for anything have him leave the farm on my account. I'm sure I don't want to be missus. I—I only want to be let alone."

Here, sinking on her knees beside the old woman's chair, and throwing her blue pinafore over her head, she sobbed behind it.

"Well, what's a man to do between ye?" exclaimed John, looking from one to the other in increasing distress and vexation.

Alty's shoulders were heaving convulsively, while large round tears positively hopped down Mrs. Fazackerly's cheeks.

"Of course, I don't want to leave ye, Mother," he continued in milder tones. "I can't see why we can't all make ourselves happy together—you were fond enough of Alty before."

"Before and now is different," said Mrs. Fazackerly with a gasp.

"There's no difference," insisted her son resolutely, "there's more reason nor ever now why you should stand Alty's friend. I think," he added with increasing agitation, "any woman, wi' a heart in her breast, might ha' a bit o' pity for a yoong thing like that."

Mrs. Fazackerly wiped her eyes, sighed profoundly, and looked at the crouching figure of Alty with a certain softening of her countenance.

"Coom," said John, responding to her mood and speaking encouragingly, "does she look like one as 'ud be likely to take too much on hersel'? I'm sure I wonder you can have the heart to treat her so hard."

"There, get out," said Mrs. Fazackerly, jerking her thumb towards the door.

Peremptory as was the order, something in her aspect reassured John, and he thought it best to obey without further parley. As the door closed behind him, his mother, leaning wheezingly forward, jerked down a corner of Alty's pinafore, and after a glance at the tear-stained face beneath, laid her hand, kindly enough, on the girl's shoulder.

"Eh, dear," groaned Mrs. Fazackerly, "this is a pretty to-do. There, give over cryin', lass—cryin' never did nobody no good. This is an awful upset, but I suppose we must make the best of it."

"I don't want to wed the master if it mak's all that trouble beween you and him," said Alty, rubbing her eyes very hard with her little black-bordered handkerchief—the same which she had worn for her grandfather's funeral.

"Eh, well, it'll happen not make so much trouble after all," said the old woman, more and more mollified. "I did allus use to think well o' you, Alty, and we'll happen get along reet enough still—and ye'd best wed John as he's so set on it. He thinks 'tis the only thing to be done now."

"I'm sure it's good o' him to want me," said poor Alty.

"Ah," agreed Mrs. Fazackerly, "many another wouldn't, ye know, arter what's fell out, but there it is."

Alty rose to her feet and smoothed down her crumpled pinafore.

"Would ye like me to scrub out the attic?" she inquired. "It wants doing bad enough."

"Scrub?" said Mrs. Fazackerly, rubbing her chin. "Well, you're a wonderful hand at scrubbin', my dear, but I don't know exactly what John 'ud say. There's two wenches i' the house, ye see, for the rough work—not as any of them can get a floor to look the same as you get it to look arter you've been at it. You met take Jinny up wi' ye to show her your way o' doin' it—there couldn't be no objections to that. And the corners see yo', Alty—but I know you're particular about corners——"

"I'll see to them," said Alty, as she paused.

"And the windows 'ud be the better for a good cleanin'," continued Mrs. Fazackerly reflectively.

"They would," agreed the girl; "they're that thick with dust and cobwebs you can scarce see through them."

"'Tis a shame and disgrace then!" ejaculated the other. "I've set them at it up there regular, to clean yon place out, and they must ha' just idled their time away. *Jinny!*" The call was uttered in stentorian tones.

Jinny came bouncing in with a promptitude which denoted that she had been stationed at no great distance from the door; and with a flushed and irate countenance which indicated that a portion at least of the previous conversation had not been lost on her.

"Jinny," ordered Mrs. Fazackerly majestically, "you're to go upstairs to t'attic wi' Miss Orrell, as is to be the second missus i' this house before aught's long. Miss Orrell 'ull kindly show ye how to clean a room, which seemingly ye don't know for yoursel'; and she'll be very partic'lar about corners, and cobwebs, and sech, and what she says you're to do you *are* to do, or me and your master 'ull know the reason why. Now off wi' ye, and fetch bucket o' water."

Jinny went sulkily from the room, followed by Alty, who remained in the passage for a moment, to pin back her skirt and fasten up the plait of hair which she found inconvenient to have dangling on such occasions.

When she entered the kitchen she discovered Jinny in close converse with her fellow-servant; both girls ceased speaking at sight of her, and Jinny, with a toss of the head, began to fill her bucket from the boiler.

"Are scrubbin' brushes here?" inquired Alty.

"They're in back kitchen, Miss Orrell," responded Jinny, with sarcastic politeness.

"Happen ye'd like me to fetch them to ye, Miss Orrell," suggested Maggie.

"No, I'll fetch them for myself," rejoined Alty. "Where's the soap?"

"Yonder on the shelf by the door—Miss Orrell," said Maggie, bringing out the concluding words with a jerk as an afterthought.

"Eh, you needn't *Miss Orrell* me, Maggie," cried Alty good-humoredly; "you and me was in the infant school

together, and pretty well side by side ever since."

"Ha, but there's to be no more 'side by side' now," said Jinny; "Miss Orrell's put over us—she's rose i' the world. Though," she added, muttering to herself, "there's many as says she dropped a bit low, first."

"Who says that?" cried Alty, who, meek as she might be with John and his mother, had plenty of spirit of her own.

"Eh, there's a good few as says so. They was talking o' nothin' else at the 'Nag's Head' last neet."

Here Maggie, who was a good-natured girl, and who had moreover been softened by Alty's friendliness a moment or two before, struck in quickly, seeing her gasp and turn pale:

"Nay, but they soon changed their tune when our master looked in. He stood up for ye, master did; they was all drinkin' your health and his before breakin' up."

"Did he tell them about him and me?" faltered Alty in dismay.

"O' course he did. Why, 'twas best way o' stoppin' their mouths, wasn't it? Our Jack says there was a reg'lar turn over of the whole lot o' them at arter he spoke."

Jinny, having filled her pail, betook herself upstairs with it, but Alty still lingered hesitatingly; upon which Maggie, reading her unspoken wish, proceeded, nothing loth, to give her a detailed account of the scene at the public-house on the previous evening, as she had herself heard it from her brother. She broke off suddenly, perceiving that Alty's eyes were filling with tears.

"I'm sure I wouldn't cry if I was you, Alty," she exclaimed. "Everyone says you're the luckiest girl as ever was! I don't know what you've to cry for."

"I'm sure I don't know either," agreed Alty, once more producing the little black-bordered handkerchief, now rolled into a moist ball, and applying it to her eyes. "I'm not one for cryin' as a rule either—I doubt I've never cried so much in my life as I have these last two days. I doubt I'm just cryin' now because Mester Fazackerly's so good."

CHAPTER XX.

Things seemed to settle down as Mrs. Fazackerly had predicted: the old lady herself, who had in truth always been fond of Alty, and who was now reassured by the girl's meekness, treated her with a kindness which, if a trifle condescending, was none the less consistent; Maggie was amiable enough; and though Jinny's attitude continued to be sulky and jealous, she refrained from open hostility.

John was unvaryingly kind and considerate, but it must be owned that his manner was neither ardent nor elated. He was more silent than ever, and the gaze which he frequently fixed on his future wife was intensely serious, at times even searching.

"When are ye to be shouted?" inquired Mrs. Orrell one evening, when Alty came home from the farm and sat down to her sewing by the hearth.

"I don't know," said Alty, coloring. "Our mester hasn't said nought about it—there's no hurry, is there?" she inquired quickly.

"Eh," rejoined her grandmother, "I seem as if I'd like to ha' things settled. John he said to me day arter he'd axed ye, as he were going to make arrangements wi' me, but he hasn't said no more sin'."

"I reckon he's busy," remarked Alty, bending over her patch.

"Maybe so," muttered the old woman; then after a pause: "Ye know there's a many things to be thought on—your weddin' clothes and that."

"Eh, I don't want no great set out," said Alty.

"Ye'll want what's becomin' for your feyther's dowter," said Mrs. Orrell firmly, "and ye shall have it. There's the insurance money scare touched yet."

"Nay, but ye mun keep that for yoursel', Grandma," protested Alty.

Mrs. Orrell was silent for a moment of two, and then said, with a sharpness which indicated her determination not to be gainsaid:

"Yo' can ax John to look in on me some time to-morrow."

"Nay, but Grandma, don't for my sake say anythin' that might seem to hurry him," cried Alty, with scarlet cheeks. "'Tis his place to speak."

Mrs. Orrell knitted with compressed lips for some time, and then, looking up and meeting her grand-daughter's anguished gaze, repeated her former command: "Yo' ax John to look in to-morrow." After a further pause, she added: "I can ax him mysel', for that matter."

"Oh, no, don't do that," rejoined the girl hastily, "I'd sooner tell him than that."

On the following morning therefore she duly made her request in a stammering tone, and with evident unwillingness.

"Nothin' wrong, I hope?" inquired John, eyeing her anxiously; she was indeed pale and heavy-eyed after a night of broken rest.

"N—no," said Alty, "'tis just—owd folks is like that, ye know, my Grandma's anxious to know how things is to be settled, but—but ye'll not let her hurry you, Mr. Fazackerly."

"Ye'd rather I didn't hurry," said John, thoughtfully pulling at his beard.

"Ah, sure," said Alty. "I'm—I'm—I'm quite content as I am," she added almost voicelessly.

"I see," said John. "Well, we'll let things stand over for a bit, but I'll go and see your Grandma."

A little later in the day he entered Mrs. Orrell's cottage, where he found its mistress eagerly expectant.

"I were lookin' for ye to come before," she remarked reproachfully, as he took the chair she offered him.

"Did ye want to ax me summat?" inquired he.

"Ah," she rejoined. "It seems a strange thing, too, as I should ha' to ax it—'tis you as ought to be anxious to ax me, if ye didn't ax Alty hersel'."

"Meanin' about namin' the day?" asked John, as she paused.

"Ah," returned Mrs. Orrell, "that's it."

John hesitated, gazing at the fire.

"Mrs. Orrell," he said after a pause, "to tell you the truth, I'm not feelin' altogether happy about Alty. I doubt she's not feelin' altogether happy about me, she looks—she looks fair miserable."

"Stuff and nonsense," retorted the old lady, "nowt ails the lass at all, and so I tell ye. She'll be happy as a lark once you and she's wed."

John shook his head, not choosing to repeat Alty's admission of the morning which was, nevertheless, too acutely present in his thoughts to allow of his being reassured by Mrs. Orrell's optimistic attitude.

"I'm not the man to force myself on her," he said. "I must give her time—I hope she'll come round to me in time."

"Pooh!" said Mrs. Orrell, her sallow face reddening, "how's she ever to come round to ye wi'out ye do summat to get forrarder. Do ye ever do a bit o' courtin', John? Eh, I'm fair surprised when the lass comes in of an evenin' all by hersel' just the same time as us'al. Ony other man in your place 'ud walk wi' her and not be in too great a hurry to bring her home, neither. And you've never given her the least little present nor that. I wonder"—here the old woman wagged her head archly—"I wonder if ye've

ever given her so much as a kiss, John?"

John stared hard at the fire without turning his head, and muttered inarticulately in his beard.

"Now that's where you're wrong," continued Mrs. Orrell triumphantly. "Yon yoong chap, yon scamp as were coortin' her, he were ready enough to walk out wi' her, I reckon; and I'll go warrant he didn't hang back same as yo' in other ways."

"That's jest it," said John, rising and leaning against the mantelpiece with his face averted. "She hasn't reetly forgot him yet. I must give her time. 'Tisn't fair to the lass to expect her to be ready to take up wi' me so quick."

Mrs. Orrell stared almost incredulously at the back of his head, and resumed presently in a grumbling tone:

"To my mind ye're altogether wrong then. How can she forget him wi'out ye give her somethin' else to think of? Ye know nowt about lasses, and that's the truth. Now take my advice for once and mak' yoursel' a bit pleasant to our Alty. Take her out now and again—and say a kind word or two to her—and make shift to get her to feel a bit at home wi' ye. Why, she never calls ye nowt but Mester Fazackerly—or the 'master'—her as is promised to ye—her as is to wed ye. Tell ye what, John, wi'out ye alter some road nobody 'ull believe as you and her is to be wed, and folks 'ull be more set again' the poor wench nor ever."

John turned round, his face furrowed with thought.

"There's summat in what ye say," he remarked. "I'll see to it, Mrs. Orrell."

"Not as I'm in a hurry to lose my grand-dowter," announced the old lady, with the swift determination to regain any possible loss of dignity. "What I'm to do wi'out her the Lord knows."

"Oh," returned John, in a more cheerful tone, "that reminds me; I've allus meant to settle about that. I think the best way 'ud be for us to make ye an allowance, ye know. Ye'll miss Alty's wage wi'out that. Ah, you did ought to have an allowance."

Mrs. Orrell reflected.

"I were thinkin' o' axin' for an owd age pension," she remarked. "I'd get on well enough then, I reckon, wi' the chickens and pig and that, and maybe takin' in a light wash."

"Nay," said John, "that won't do. I couldn't let you take a pension. You brought Alty up when all's said and done, it'll be no more nor her duty to keep ye in comfort for the rest o' your days."

"That's true," agreed Mrs. Orrell, nodding. "Ah, ye can settle it that way, if ye like, then."

"Coom, I'm glad we're agreed on one point," said John. "I'll see what I can do wi' Alty, but don't you hurry her, Mrs. Orrell, I don't want to have her upset. Well, I'll say good day."

He went out, leaving Mrs. Orrell meditative, but on the whole satisfied.

It always took John Fazackerly a considerable time to bethink himself and unbethink himself before deciding on any unusual course of action—the solitary exception to this rule being the occasion on which he had offered himself to Alty. But even then, as he admitted to Mrs. Orrell, it was a thing he had had in his mind for several weeks. The following day, therefore, passed uneventfully, but on the next evening but one he waylaid Alty as she was leaving the yard.

"How would it be if you and me was to go for an outin' somewhere, Alty?"

The girl looked at him without replying, but her face brightened.

"They were tellin' me at the station there's to be an excursion to Grange on Wednesday," said John.

"Grange," echoed Alty. "Where's that?"

"Why over up Lancaster way. 'Tis

a pretty place wi' woods all round about, and beautiful walks."

"I like woods," remarked Alty. "I often go and sit in the woods here, though Keeper Prescott barges at me for trespassin'."

She broke off, coloring as she called to mind the last occasion on which she had been caught in this delinquency, Dennis being her companion.

John, too, recalled the keeper's confidences to him on this subject, and turned away his eyes in order to avoid seeming to take note of her confusion.

"There's the sea, too," presently he resumed. "A little bay where the waves come in as quiet as if they was at play."

"That's nice," commented the girl, and she smiled outright.

"Well," said John, "how'd it be if you and me was to start off on the six o'clock train Wednesday morning and make a day of it? 'Tis good for everyone to take a holiday now and again. You'd like it, wouldn't ye?"

"I would, indeed," said Alty. "I thought ye was so busy this week."

"I'm busy enough," admitted he. "But then I'm always busy, and fine weather won't last for ever, and this here excursion seems like a chance—runnin' right through same as it does. I'm always moidered when there's so much time lost loiterin' at every little station. Now, we'll drive into town and take six o'clock train, and see all as is to be seen over yon, and coom back i' the cool o' the evenin'. What do ye say to that?"

"Eh, I say thank ye kindly, Mester Fazackerly."

"That won't do," returned he, "ye'll have to say 'Thank ye kindly, John.'"

Alty repeated the words, blushing.

"Ah," resumed he, shifting from one foot to the other and growing very red in the face. "This here trip is goin' to be rather a partic'lar sort of trip. 'Tis a sweethearts' trip."

There was a pause. Alty stood hanging her head in silence, her eyes were on the ground, her hands drooping by her sides; the color mounted slowly in her cheeks.

"You've no objection, I hope," continued John.

She shook her head.

"I were thinkin' it's time for you and me to get to know each other a bit better," he observed, after a pause. "We seem to be rather—stand off to each other." He halted, cleared his throat and went on slowly. "Till now, I mean."

As she made no response he added almost roughly:

"It comes a bit hard on a man 'as is doin' his best."

Alty raised her eyes rather piteously.

"Eh, I didn't mean to be stand off. I'm doin' my best too," she said.

John laughed, but without much mirth.

"Nay, no need to look so scared," he said. "You would really to like come on this here out, wouldn't ye?" he added anxiously, "because I don't want to force you against your will."

"Yes, I would—I would like to come," cried Alty, with such fervor that he laughed again, this time more cheerfully.

"Right, then," he said, "I'll call at your place soon after five on Wednesday morning, that'll give us time to put up mare and to choose good places for ourselves."

"I'll be ready," rejoined she.

He stood leaning over the gate as she walked away, admiring, as he had often admired before, her free gait and upright carriage.

"It'll be a wonder if she ever turns to me," he said. "That lad's never out of her mind. She didn't half like me talkin' of us bein' sweethearts. 'I'm doin' my best,' says she—and so she is, but it's a different sort o' best to what

mine is. I doubt 'tis harder for a man to hang back nor for a woman to be—civil."

Meanwhile Alty, walking rapidly away, felt her cheeks burn at the memory of John's look as he had uttered the debatable phrase. He was doing his best to be lover-like; he was even leaving his after-grass half cut for her sake, but for all that he found it hard work to act his part.

The next day was spent in preparation. Grandma, who was strangely mysterious, and elated, decreed that on this festive occasion Alty's "blacks" were to be discarded and her white dress, sacred as a rule to religious festivals, donned for the event.

"And you may weer your blue ribbons to it," she announced, with the dignity of a monarch selecting a set of crown jewels. "Ah, you may look, but 'tisn't no disrespect to your Grandfeyther. 'Tis what he'd ha' wished for ye to look your best. And brides don't weer no mournin'."

So while Alty ironed the crisp starched folds, her Grandmother betook herself to the village and there purchased a new chip hat, with a blue ribbon also, and a little sixpenny bunch of pink rosebuds at the side.

"You can weer a posy o' real ones i' your belt," she remarked, as she proudly displayed her purchase on her return. "Them open-work white gloves 'ull do if yo' wash 'em out."

These were the gloves which Alty had worn on her momentous expedition to Liverpool; she would have preferred to use any others, but dutifully held her peace.

(To be continued.)

MR. BALFOUR AND ENGLISH THOUGHT.

Versatility is a dangerous endowment for an English statesman. The ordinary man likes to think that his masters, as the phrase goes, "attend to business," and regards the liberal arts as things to be generously eulogized at public functions, but not to be practised without a certain loss of prestige. Learned serjeants "shook their heads at Murray as a wit," and honest Tories thought none the better of Disraeli for writing novels. If a statesman's political effectiveness is thereby weakened, so also does his political notoriety prevent him from getting fair play in his unpartisan interests. Critics who may follow him into the grove of the Muses seek, as a rule, only blackthorns to beat or laurels to garland the politician. So he may be said to suffer both ways, being an Israelite in Gath and a Philistine in Jerusalem. But if the career be sufficiently prolonged and illustrious the fashion changes, and what was once counted to a man for weakness becomes an added glory.

Mr. Balfour has outlived the prejudice of his detachment. He is recognized as possessing an intellectual equipment not surpassed, and probably not equalled, among contemporary statesmen. In the 'eighties worthy people were a little disturbed by the "Defence of Philosophic Doubt"; this year he discoursed on a similar subject to the delight of crowded audiences and to the admiration of everyone who reads the newspapers. What is interesting in his case is that there are not two Mr. Balfours. Early in life he discovered what attracted him, selected a standpoint, and developed the complex of tastes and views which we call a temperament. The æsthetic creed of the essay on Handel is the

same as that of the Romanes address. The argument of "Philosophic Doubt" is more or less that of the Gifford Lectures. And further, the gifts which have made him an incomparable Parliamentarian are the gifts which appear in all that he writes and says on matters never mentioned in the House of Commons. The temperament remains the same, though the medium alters; an uncommon temperament, curiously self-contained and complete, and free from loose ends and misty corners. It is sharply outlined against its background; and this is what we mean when we talk about distinction.

I.

Mr. Balfour's mind has few contemporary affinities, but it suggests many kinships in the past, especially in the eighteenth century. This is not to say that he is as one born out of due season; for your true Georgian was exquisitely in tune with his age, and Mr. Balfour is alive to every *nuance* of the modern world. But in his interest he preserves a certain aloofness, always moving a step or two back to get a better view. He is conscious of the present; but he is also and at all times overwhelmingly conscious of the past. He has the eighteenth-century sense of living in a world which was not made yesterday, and will certainly not be remade tomorrow; he sees the long descent of the most novel problems; he is tolerant because he does not ask too much of humanity; but, like Malvolio, he thinks nobly of the soul, and has a modest confidence in the human reason if it keeps to rational limits. He believes with De L'Isle Adam that "sans illusion tout périt," but he must first be convinced of the honesty and the social value of illusion; and he is merciless to insincerity and pretence. He has the eighteenth-century belief in society, and is always reminding us that we are not isolated creatures but members of an intricate community. Hence, like Burke, he will not destroy what many generations have built merely because some of the plaster work is shaky. To him the desert hermit and the iconoclast are equally repugnant, for the one is not a social being, and the other is the foe of society. In a word, he is the critical conservative, as were the best Georgians. We have his own confession:—

It so happens that I dislike the seventeenth century and like the eighteenth. I do not pretend to justify my taste. Perhaps it is that there is a kind of unity and finish about the eighteenth century wanting to its predecessor. Perhaps I am prejudiced against the latter by my dislike of its religious wars, which were more than half political, and its political wars, which were more than half religious.

No more does he like the high noon of the Victorian era:—

I justify it [the dislike] to myself by saying that it reminds me too much of Landseer's pictures and the revival of Gothic; that I feel no sentiment of allegiance towards any of the intellectual dynasties which then held sway; that neither the thin lucidity of Mill nor the windy prophesyings of Carlyle, neither Comte nor yet Newman, were ever able to arouse in me the enthusiasm of a disciple; that I turn with pleasure from the Corn Law squabble to the Great War.

We find the preference in his style, in his fondness for the neat antithesis and the ironic interjected sentence; in his love for Handel; in his fastidiousness, akin to the younger Pitt's; in his equal dislike of crude heresy and withered orthodoxy. His mind is the exact opposite of the "half-baked," which sees things in lurid flashes and unrelated visions. To his broad, lucid outlook, form, line, and proportion seem infinitely more important than color. The temperament is revealed, again, in his distrust of high-sounding generali-

ties and pretentious dogmas. Naturally he makes war against the half-dozen maxims to which the philosophic Radicals reduced the art of statecraft. He believes in the plain man, but is doubtful about the thing called popularity. "No science," he says, "can become popular with impunity." False rhetoric is his pet aversion, and of such is the common ecstasy of politicians:—

> They never need find difficulty [he says in his essay on "Cobden"] in placing their conduct in an interesting light, whatever view the public may happen to take of it. Are they the popular favorites? Then are they the representatives, the tribunes, of the people, and speak almost with the voice of inspiration. Does the people burn them in effigy? It is a sign and measure of the extent to which they are ahead of the public opinion of their time.

And we have the tremendous letter on Dr. Clifford's pamphlet, in which the apocalyptic style is pilloried with, for Mr. Balfour, surprising acerbity. "The ear gets wearied with their unrelenting scream; the palate jaded with their perpetual stimulants."

Such a temperament means that there can be no very strong inspiration, no infectious gusto of belief. Mr. Balfour is prone to a gentle pessimism. He sees no golden age in the future, and he has grave doubts of the existence of any in the past. Hope and dream, he seems to say, but if you are wise do not look for too much; the world is a bridge to pass over, not to build upon. Here is a passage which, except for a phrase or two, might have been written by Burke in one of his cosmic moralizings:—

> Literary immortality is an unsubstantial fiction devised by literary artists for their own especial consolation. It means at the best an existence prolonged through an infinitesimal fraction of that infinitesimal fraction of the world's history during which man has played his part upon it. And during this fraction of a fraction what, or rather how many things, does it mean? A work of genius begins by appealing to the hearts of men, moving their fancy, warming their imagination, entering into their inmost life. In that period immortality is still young; and life really means living. But this condition of things has never yet endured. What at first was the delight of nations declines by slow but inevitable gradations into the luxury, or the business, or even the vanity, of a few. What once spoke in accents understood by all is now painfully spelt out by a small band of scholars. What was once read for pleasure is now read for curiosity. It becomes "an interesting illustration of the tastes of a bygone age," a "remarkable proof of such and such a theory of æsthetics." "It still repays perusal by those who have sufficient historic sympathy to look at it from the proper point of view," and so on. The love of those who love it best is largely alloyed with an interest which is half antiquarian and half scientific. It is no longer Tithonus in his radiant youth, gazed at with the passion-lit eyes of Luna, but Tithonus in extremest age, reported on as a most remarkable and curious case by a committee of the Royal College of Physicians.

From such a standpoint we expect tolerance and moderation, but the moderation is of an austere kind. It is not the facile sort which halves extremes, as if one were to look for safety in sailing up a river channel by keeping equi-distant from both shores. It is of the school of Halifax the Trimmer, the moderation which is based on clear thinking, or—to continue our metaphor—which means the use of a good chart of the estuary. And here we reach one of Mr. Balfour's really strong persuasions. He believes in and reverences the reason. It may not be a perfect guide, but it is all we have, and he will not consent to forego its use. "It

is true," he writes, "that without enthusiasm nothing would be done. But it is also true that without knowledge nothing would be done well." By reason he does not mean any narrow logic. It would be not unfair to call it common sense. He is content to admit provinces of life which are unrationalized; indeed, his whole aim is to impress upon us the need for looking honestly on facts and not fitting them into the Procrustean bed of a theory. To think that a few dogmas will exhaust the universe is not reason, but unreason.

Imagine [he says in his rectorial address on "Progress"] nicely adjusting our loyalty and patriotism to the standard of a calculated utility. Imagine us severally suspending our adhesion to the Ten Commandments until we have leisure and opportunity to decide between the rival and inconsistent philosophies which contend for the object of establishing them! These things we may indeed imagine if we please. Fortunately, we shall never see them. Society is founded . . . not upon criticism but upon feelings and beliefs and upon the customs and codes by which feelings and beliefs are, as it were, fixed and rendered stable.

Reason is common sense, a wise appreciation of the working rules of human society, the free play of the intellect, indeed, but an intellect which can understand the intractable subject matter it works with.

His second strong persuasion is of the value of our common human instincts, of the ordinary consciousness of the plain man. It used to be the fashion to regard Mr. Balfour as an aristocratic dilettante, dwelling retired with a rarefied metaphysic. But the whole trend of his writings is towards the exaltation of the simple, practical soul. If we were to find one word to describe his quality, it would be "humanism," eighteenth-century humanism, with no very roseate dreams about humanity, but a profound consciousness of its homely worth and homely wisdom. His enthusiasm, such as it is, is for what is practicable, for the business of carrying on the work of the world, and his hero is the man who is willing to take a hand.

II.

His philosophy, as we should expect, has none of the far-stretching raptures of the metaphysician. Not for him the great all-inclusive world-philosophies, which satisfy that hunger and vague longing which, as he has told us, the music of his favorite Handel does *not* satisfy. He seeks a more concrete and more homely speculative faith, something a little less chilling to common human blood than the thin air of the Hegelian Infinite. His standpoint throughout is curiously businesslike. Science, he argues, rests upon many unprovable postulates, which we accept, not for their logic, but because of their "values." Why not grant the same privilege to speculations which look beyond the material world? He offers us no system, but only a suggestion towards a provisional explanation—an explanation, be it noted, not so much of things themselves as of our modes of thought.

Here as always Mr. Balfour is a humanist. When he first became interested in these questions, the prevailing school was the Naturalism of Mill and Spencer; and in his first book he vigorously attacked its warrantable assumptions and the many gaps in its logical equipment. The fashion changed, German idealism became the vogue; and though it found Mr. Balfour more sympathetic, it did not find him a convert. Now the wheel has moved again, and the popular creed, in the hands of the various schools of Pragmatists and Bergsonians, is something not unlike what Mr. Balfour has always been saying. In his essay on "Berkeley" he

tells us that it is essential for the philosopher to possess "the instinct which tells him where, along the line of contemporary speculation, that point is to be found from which the next advance may best be made." He has shown this instinct in a remarkable degree, and his channel of thought, which thirty years ago was a backwater, is now perhaps the main stream. He is content with the ordinary consciousness, the ordinary hopes and beliefs of mankind. When very clever people try to demolish the plain man's creed, he takes up cudgels in its defence. Why? Because these beliefs work, he replies; because they give hope and comfort and joy, and until you have something better to take their place they must stand. It is no answer to say that they are not always logically demonstrable. No more are the beliefs of science, not perhaps so much; and he proceeds to find appalling gaps in the logic of the proud naturalists. To-day the men of science concur, and it is the greatest of them, like Henri Poincaré, who are most willing to point out the gaps. Faith is to be defended, because science is also largely an act of faith; religious belief, because its critics, on their own postulates, are constantly believing.

Such a position is sceptical, but it is sceptical chiefly of conventional scepticism. It is critical, but always with a conservative purpose. Mr. Balfour approaches the world of simple faiths with a profound reverence. He will not heedlessly disturb them. As Mr. Wilfrid Ward (we think) once said, he is on the side of the angels, for where fools rush in he fears to tread. He is always a man of action in thought, with a keen eye to practical values. This is not to say that he is in any way of the Pragmatists' school. He is too critical of logical hiatuses and a ragged metaphysic; and the alluring fancies of M. Bergson, with whom he has many affinities, find in him a friendly but a trenchant critic. No school can claim him with justice; he remains a detached mind, clearly perceiving practical utilities, admitting many a breakdown in proof, but declining to accept iconoclasm until the iconoclasts make out a better case. He has that rare combination, a real earnestness and a thorough-going scepticism.

Three doubters, it is said, do not equal one believer; but Mr. Balfour is no ordinary doubter. He is both believer and doubter, and his doubts are exercised chiefly against the foes of belief. Speculatively, it is true, such a position has many difficulties. Its importance is chiefly negative, it does not establish any reasoned foundation of belief, and inclines to be conservative rather than constructive. Its merit lies in the fact that it clears the air and defines and delimits with much acumen the exact nature of a problem which it leaves for later and more fortunate philosophers to solve. All this is done in a philosophic style, which in its own way is very nearly perfect. Lucidity never fails him, and his subtlety is the result of a line of thought so completely realized in his own mind that it is apt to deceive the reader by its simplicity. We shall not find in him the poetry of the great system-makers, the sudden high visions which in Plato and Spinoza and Hegel

> tease us out of thought
> As doth eternity.

He is never *exalté;* his metaphors are never grandiose: he builds no cloudy cities. But for the lover of exact thinking there is a rare beauty in his orderly argument and the perfect aptness of his illustrations, and there is a tonic vigor in his strong sceptical sincerity.

III.

His purely literary merits are to be found principally in his style. Ques-

tions of æsthetic interest him deeply, and in his "Handel," and especially in his Romanes lectures, he has done something to orientate the ordinary critical standpoints. But his style is so distinctive and possesses virtues so uncommon in these high-colored days that it is worth a little consideration. Formally it is far from perfect. He can commit on occasion almost every grammatical fault except the split infinitive, and his misuse of "and which" almost rivals Thackeray's. His manner is what our forefathers would have called "well-bred"; that is, it has generally a conversational pitch, and hardens at intervals into a delicate eighteenth-century formalism, and above all it is exactly adequate to its substance. Its great quality is its logic, which interpenetrates the sequence of sentences, the choice of illustrations, the selection of epithets. Hence while his writing is often chilly, and sometimes a little thin, it is always curiously restful and satisfying. It is unsatisfactory only to those who ask a satisfaction that is foreign to his purpose.

"Argument is all I have to offer," he tells us in his "Philosophic Doubt," but there can be a real æsthetic beauty in mere argument in the hands of a master. This is best seen by his use of illustrations, which are at once graceful and mathematically exact:—

> Do they follow, I mean, on reason *qua* reason, or are they like a schoolboy's tears over a proposition in Euclid, consequences of reasoning, but not conclusions from it?

> The right of any individual to judge for himself is like the right of any man who possesses a balance at the bankers to require its immediate payment in sovereigns. The right may be undoubted, but it can only be safely enjoyed on condition that too many persons do not take it into their heads to exercise it together.

Generally the illustrations are more or less tinged with irony:—

> The science [of sociology] has been planned out by some very able philosophers, much as a prospective watering-place is planned out by a speculative builder.

> The cultivation of emotions at high tension towards humanity, deliberately dissociated from the cultivation of religious feeling towards God, has never yet been practised on a large scale. We have so far had only laboratory experiments. There has been no attempt to manufacture in bulk.

Observe the *esprit malin* of these scientific and commercial phrases.

> There are those, again, who reject in its ordinary shape the idea of Divine superintendence, but who conceive that they can escape from philosophic reproach by beating out the idea yet a little thinner, and admitting that there does exist somewhere a "power which makes for righteousness."

The ironic interjected sentence is a favorite mannerism.

> Though not, so far as appears, a very profound political economist himself, he [Cobden] was of opinion that political economy was more difficult of apprehension than any of the "exact sciences." Which of the exact sciences he had mastered (unless phrenology be one) Mr. Morley does not, so far as I recollect, inform us.

Sometimes, in his more controversial work, the irony ceases to be delicate and becomes vigorous satire. The masterpiece of this form is the famous letter on Dr. Clifford's pamphlet. Why, he asks, should conscience forbid the payment of rates towards denominational schools and yet permit the payment of taxes?—

> Is there not a certain over-subtlety of distinction in this ruling, which, if I may say so without offence either to Dr. Clifford or the Jesuits, is almost Jesuitical? Can we seriously believe in the pre-established correspondence between the frontier which eternally separates right from wrong, and the transient line which technically dis-

tinguishes local from national taxation?

There is the rapier; here is the broadsword:—

It [the Bible] is apparently to be treated as a collection of elegant extracts and edifying maxims. The sixth Commandment may be taught, for, taken by itself, it is simply a moral pronouncement. The first Commandment, on the other hand, must be treated only as "literature"; for manifestly it has a theological implication. Of the two precepts which contain "all the Law and the Prophets," the second may be taught, but not the first. The Lord's Prayer may be used as an introduction to Burns, but not as the outpouring of the spirit of man to his Maker. According to Dr. Clifford, Parliament would be going beyond its functions in teaching, at the cost of public funds, that man *has* a Maker.

For the more colored graces of style we need scarcely look. But there are moments when, in Plato's phrase, the quest of truth does not lack the warmth of desire, and the writing takes on a sober sheen, and even kindles into something like eloquence. Such a passage is to be found at the close of "The Religion of Humanity":—

The "religion of humanity" seems specially fitted to meet the tastes of that comparatively small and prosperous class, who are unwilling to leave the dry bones of Agnosticism wholly unclothed with any living tissue of religious emotion, and who are at the same time fortunate enough to be able to persuade themselves that they are contributing, or may contribute, by their individual efforts to the attainment of some great ideal for mankind. But what has it to say to the more obscure multitude who are absorbed, and well-nigh overwhelmed, in the constant struggle with daily needs and narrow cares; who have but little leisure or inclination to consider the precise *rôle* they are called on to play in the great drama of "humanity," and who might in any case be puzzled to discover its interest or its importance? Can it assure them that there is no human being so insignificant as not to be of infinite worth in the eyes of Him who created the Heavens, or so feeble but that his action may have consequences of infinite moment long after this material system shall have crumbled into nothingness? Does it offer consolation to those who are in grief, hope to those who are bereaved, strength to the weak, forgiveness to the sinful, rest to those who are weary and heavy-laden? If not, then, whatever be its merits, it is no rival to Christianity. It cannot penetrate and vivify the inmost life of ordinary humanity. There is in it no nourishment for ordinary human souls, no comfort for ordinary human sorrow, no help for ordinary human weakness. Not less than the crudest irreligion does it leave us men divorced from all communion with God, face to face with the unthinking energies of nature which gave us birth, and into which, if supernatural religion indeed be a dream, we must after a few fruitless struggles be again dissolved.

It may seem a paradox to many readers, but we are inclined to think that Mr. Balfour at his best writes the purest prose of our generation, the prose most in consonance with the special qualities of our speech. A different style is in fashion to-day. The startling word, the haunting phrase, the impassioned epithet are more generally acclaimed. But it may be argued that in the best prose there should be a certain formalism, that clarity should be crystalline rather than watery, and that, in the prose of argument at any rate, perfect aptness and coherence are qualities more valuable and certainly rarer than flowers and tears. To those who share this view there will always be a peculiar attraction in the dry purity of Mr. Balfour's writing.

The Times.

AVIATION IN ANCIENT HINDUSTAN.

It is flattering to our self-love to be conscious of our descent from a highly civilized race of antiquity, from conquering heroes, holy seers, authors of undying fame, learned Mahatmas,—who had elevated themselves by penance and second sight into super-men, and who have laid the world under obligation in some shape or other. The Brahman's self-complacency and pride of quasi-celestial lineage, the Kshatriya's planting the root of his pedigree in the Sun and the Moon, the claim of the handicraftsman to be the direct child of the celestial architect and mechanic, Visvakarma, the assertion of the needy applicant for official preferment that, although of inferior qualifications, he is the direct descendant of a defunct Raja's or Sultan's body-servant or hookah-bearer, and many another demand alike on the credulity and esteem of mankind may, in our opinion, be catalogued under this mental condition. The abyss in which the "depressed classes" are abandoned by Hindu Society is due to a variant of the same feeling; for they must have forsooth sinned grievously in prior births; while the superior castes had wrought more good than evil in order to be born in a higher social grade.

It may not be far wrong to ascribe to the same source the scorn with which the white civilized peoples look upon the brown or black civilized communities; and also the prestige demanded and tacitly conceded in India at least, to the name and *tout ensemble* of the European. As a citizen of a mighty world wide Empire, built up by valor, diplomacy, sheer pluck and grit, on the vast expanse of which the sun never sets, the Britisher exacts, from a similar sentiment, an unrivalled respect and consideration, for which other Europeans sigh in vain. This desire vicariously to shine in borrowed light is a pardonable human frailty, which is firmly ingrained in our moral make, and which few mortals can overcome.

The foregoing thoughts have been stirred in us by the contemplation of the attitude of the Neo-Hindu mind, steeped as it is in modernism, which would fain believe and try to convince all the world that the ancient intellectual giants and heroes, who peopled this vast continent of India, had attained such a sublimity in civilization that no scientific, chemical, mechanical discovery or invention of the present day was unknown to them. It is asserted with a charming *naivete* in support of this contention, that the electric and wireless telegraph, the railway, the highly-specialized methods of ocean-navigation, aviation, telepathy, etc., were all well understood and partly in use by the Hindu great men of the past, and that the *modus operandi* of these structures has been lost to mankind by the loss or mutilation of the fourth, or *Adharvana Veda*. It is further argued that the ancient warriors and artizans knew the explosive compound now known as gunpowder, which has so revolutionized the science of warfare in the world, and which has consigned the classical bows and arrows into an obscure back-seat among the weapons of destruction. We remember reading a few years ago in the *Calcutta Review* a spirited controversy, the objective of which was to prove that gunpowder is no new invention, and fire-arms, cannon, etc., were in use in ancient warfare by the Aryans under the designation of *Shataghni*, *Nalika Astram*, *Agneya Astram*, etc. We will not, however, allow ourselves at present to be drawn into

this digression; but will be prepared to receive such proof as may be discovered from time to time to establish any undoubted proposition. The mention of the "Pushpakam" in the Ramayana is imagined to prove that aviation by means of aeroplanes, air-ships, and other celestial vehicles, was current in Puranic Hindustan. If that great epic is historical evidence of a fact, it is also proof of the other incidents detailed in the same. The Ramayana mentions that the "Pushpakam" was a vehicle peculiar to the Dévas, who are deathless during a kalpa æon; whose days and nights are of much longer duration than the human diurnal; who do not touch the earth inhabited by us mortals, and whose lives are conditioned only by the enjoyment *ad. lib.* of sensual pleasure; and that Kubéra the custodian of the heavenly coffers, was the owner, from whom his demon brother, Ravana, had robbed that great Viman. The Dévas are also credited with the possession and the display of endless automatic sky-flyers of Vimanas, more or less richly decorated and upholstered, with which they roam about the unlimited space of the skies in search of sensual enjoyments. They seem, by the way, to be very keen on rendezvousing in thick clusters above battle fields, sacrifice pavilions, marriage-scenes, etc., of the Earthly Great. A special *métier* of the Dévas, not unlike the juvenile spectators of a cricket match now-a-days, is to clap hands at and shower cataracts of unfading celestial flowers from their Vimanas, on the winners of battles, whenever their own partizans and friends happen to be victorious. But no mechanical structures and motive powers of these seemingly fabulous airy chariots are described. Nor do they seem to have had any *chauffeur*. The same remark applies also to the Pushpakam. What was it? It is said to have been miraculously created by a celestial (not Chinese!) mechanic, especially for the use of Kubera, the potentate of the north. What was its size? Here imagination runs riot, and it becomes, as it were by the magic wand of the poet Valmiki, a dirigible aeroplane of unknown and elastic proportions, driven no one knows how. From Lanka to Ayodhya, Rama's capital, it accommodated the vast hordes with whose aid the conquest of Ravana and of Lanka was accomplished, consisting of semi-human, talking, tailed, shouted, learned, divinely-sprung baboons, apes, bears, Nilgais, etc., which were not at all *sans culotes*, but wore decent clothes of civilization. Following Valmiki himself, it is safe to say that these abnormal creatures numbered millions upon millions, well nigh countless, and while the demons (Rakshasas), killed by the prowess of Rama, his brother and his army, were thrown into the sea, to hide the shame of defeat, the killed and wounded on Rama's side were left on the battlefield, till resurrected by means of a miraculous root or plant growing on a mountain peak, transferred bodily by the route of ether in one night from the Himalayan regions by that all-powerful hero, Hanuman, who was a mystic compound and blend of man, monkey, and godling. Guided by the same authority, we find that all those myriads upon myriads, plus the select demon (Rakshasa), followers of Ravana's brother and Rama's *protegé*, Vibhishana, took the well-groomed shape of ordinary men and got into the Pushpakam, which, with its stupendous and supernatural cargo, sailed in the sky from Lanka to the City of Kishkinda (Hampe) by command of Rama. As if this unique load was not sufficient, the great Viman picked up, at the Capital of the Monkey Kingdom, the harem of King Sugriva and the wives of his simian army, all decked with jewelry, finery, etc., so dear to

the female heart; and this great concourse was conveyed through the atmosphere to the suburbs of Ayodhya by the Pushpakam in one day. (Yuddha Kanda, Chapter 126.) These folk travelled in the celestial car as ordinary men and women, their tails and quadrumanic appendages being shed for the moment. As if not to terrify the mere human denizens of Ayodhya, they were apparently blessed with infinite make-ups, which would cause the mouth of a modern Beerbohm Tree to hopelessly water.

Ancient history in all climes is indissolubly intertwined and overclouded with fable and legend. If the above account of the flight of the Pushpakam be stripped of verbiage and of the supernatural element due to the flamboyant imagination and poetic license of Valmiki, does the result justify, in the mind of a careful and critical modern student, the conclusion that aviation was common among the ancients? Vimans were unknown to the humans: they were the special property of a different and higher order of super-men; whenever men-warriors and heroes were required as allies and auxiliaries, the Devas used to fetch them in their own air-travelling cars, and, even among the transports of the Devas, the Pushpakam is said to have been unique. None of the aviators of the Supreme and inferior Beings had in use any airships, except on special occasions, as above described. Krishna, Rama, etc., travelled usually in earthly locomotives of the contemporary periods.

It is thus pertinent to ask whether that Viman was a live or inanimate construction. As the former only, can it have obeyed Rama's command first in the aerial journey to Ayodhya, viâ Kishkindha, and finally in the valedictory flight to Kubera's garage in Kailas. For, an inanimate car could scarcely move, stop, and fly as a sentient being at the word of command of an absent master. If animate, it had not the remotest affinity to the modern inanimate aeroplane and balloon; we are thus driven to the horns of a dilemma.

The Puranas are disappointingly silent as to the mechanism supplying the motive power to these so-called celestial locomotives. The Pushpakam is said to have been automatic in its movements, devoid of a chauffeur and mechanical appliances. It was in addition capable, by a miracle apparently, of infinite contraction and expansion. The present-day aviators are by comparison most prosaic and unæsthetic. Otherwise the sacred authority ascribed to the Ramayana will demand our belief in entirety in the jump of Hanuman not only across the ocean, but more than once in one night over far more incredible distances through space, in order to fetch the Sanjivini plant; in the creation suddenly by Vasishtha of countless barbarian armies and hordes from the posteriors and limbs of his celestial cow, in order to defeat the trained troops of Visvamitra; in the miraculous treat given by the sage, Bharadvaja, to Bharat's army and followers, and in many another weird and fabulous episode, which makes the great epic such entrancing reading from start to finish. If flying was known to men at the time of Rama, why did it take a whole week for mounted couriers to take to Bharata the news of his father's death, and for Bharata himself to reach Ayodhya to perform Dasaratha's obsequies? (Ayodhya Kanda, Chapter 71.)

We read in the ancient lore of the Hindus that there was current another method of aerial locomotion also, *viz.*, the Rishis, Adepts, Mahatmas, Siddhas, etc., had acquired by their penances and virtues the command of the elements, so that they could at will proceed in inconceivable fractions of time

from any place to any other place, either on this planet or elsewhere, without any means of locomotion. Thus Narada and the host of celestial Rishis were all there, wherever they had a business,—sacerdotal, didactic, diplomatic, or otherwise. That sage, by-the-by, seems to have enjoyed a unique *penchant* for setting people by their ears, and the fatal facility with which he could unexpectedly drop, in an envelope of fiery glory, at any subjective point, gave him an unenviable coign of vantage, so that even now people who are unneighborly enough not to mind their own business, are distinguished by the *sobriquet* of "Narada." But nowhere is it described that they moved only in Vimans, the alleged prototype of the modern mono or bi-plane.

Again, this dynamic force of travelling by air, to any place willed, seems also to have been conferred by a perverse and thoughtless destiny on certain criminal tribes and evil-doers, who had so early out-Heroded the present frontier tribes of the North-West India as marauders, caterans, murderers, thieves, and generally as the curses of humanity. These were the Rakshasas, Daityas, etc., who were always arrayed against the good and virtuous. Although of the worst characters and the antipodes of the good, they were able, to the eternal discomfiture of law-abiding and godly man, to inflict their hateful presence in all manner of impossible places and across insurmountable barriers. They were simply *Kama Charis*, or travellers at will; but they had no motor or Viman, terrestrial or airy, so far as the written evidence of the ancient literature goes. Ravana's sister Surpanakha, his spies, generals, the garrison in Jana Sthan, his tool Maricha, etc., went everywhere, across seas, over the earth, and through the air, without any aeroplane or Viman, in pursuance of their nefarious missions.

The mythical Kapis, or tailed apes of the Ramayana, were said to be the avatars or descendants of the Devas, specially incarnated, in order to aid Rama to destroy the demons. They were as unlike their kind as possible, either then, before or since. They, too, were endowed with extra-natural and prodigious prowess and strength, and were besides *Kamarupis*, and many of them also *Kamacharis*. In their case, also no mention is made of any mechanical contrivance whereby they could travel through ether at will.

These instances are usually and glibly cited by the orthodox as a poser to show that the ancients were familiar with, and had forestalled, the electric telegraph, the railway, etc. It is easy to reply that, granting the possession hypothetically by a gifted few of extraordinary psychological and super-physical faculties, no evidence is forthcoming that the modern physical contrivances for the million benefitting mankind in general, good, bad and indifferent, throughout the known world, were even adumbrated in their wildest fancies by the ancients.

The antiquarian researches of the past half a century have unearthed large fractions of the tale of defunct civilizations on this globe. In Babylon, Egypt, Peru, Chili, Java, etc., ruins have been discovered of magnitudes and characteristics evidencing a mighty and glorious past. Greek and Roman ancient history is being more and more reeled off to the gaze and wonderment of the student. But, so far as we are aware, the evidence has not yet been met with justifying a belief in their knowledge and use of the mechanical aeroplane.

We do not in the least desire to belittle the great Aryan nation, who colonized, ruled, and raised in civilization the former equivalent of India. They were a mighty and illustrious people,

and in every department of human knowledge and deed they have left their mark on the land for all time. They were especially conspicuous in their unrivalled achievements in all that concerns the intellect. Their philosophies, religious concepts, and political doctrines, possess the germs of truth and permanency. But without more positive proof, it is an unwarranted strain on our credulity to ask us to believe that they had known, and used for their daily purposes, the modern mechanical and physical discoveries and inventions, which tend to minimize the crosses of mundane life.

Further, if the use of explosives and gunpowder was within the ken of the ancients, why did the bows and arrows remain, even till after the invasion of the Greeks, the only effective war weapons of the Hindus? In Rama's army, only he and his brother had even the bows and arrows strengthened by mythical astrams, while all his countless soldiers, commanders, etc., had to depend on stones, boulders, trees, claws, teeth, etc. It is needless to point to the distance between archery and astrams, and firearms; as the curious may easily recall from their reminiscences of the Delhi Durbars of 1902-1911; from a study of ancient armories, and from the present history of our own Abors, Bhils, Nagas, savages of the Nicobars, etc.

We may be pardoned for indulging, after the foregoing discussion, in a little generalization. Necessity is said to be the mother of invention. Inventions do not spring suddenly and spasmodically, like the bolt from the blue, from the forehead of Brahma. Time, place, environment, and the necessities of the situation have a direct causative influence on fresh appliances for increasing the comforts and conveniences of man. If we study with a soberly critical mind the literature of the times, in which the Viman, etc., are shadowed forth, we should be slow to conclude that the contemporary people had attained in certain arts and industries of civilization and in commerce the eminence of the modern world. In certain branches of knowledge, such as metaphysics, philosophy, etc., they had reached almost the North Pole, and their conclusions are most elevating, and remain unapproached even to this day. But in many others they were much behindhand. It is given to few people in this world to make progress simultaneously along all the lines, and the ancient Hindus were no exception to this rule of progressive development.

The mental temperament of the ancient Hindus is by no means a negligible factor in such discussions. Their visions were always rivetted on the problems of the great unknown Beyond, and they spared little or no thought for the betterment of this life which to most of them was fleeting and illusive. So far as related to the comforts and enjoyments of this world, they had a superlative pessimism. While the modern European genius has been, since Bacon, engrossed with the methods of increasing the comforts and reducing the miseries of this life, the great sages of ancient Hindustan, from the semi-demi-divine authors of the Upanishands downwards, seem to have meditated only on the eternal verities and on the true thoroughfares for the unkillable soul to reach soonest the abodes of eternal bliss. What might have happened if their metaphorical gaze had been lowered earthward it is hard to say. But from the admitted facts they seem to have relegated material considerations to a secondary seat. The Mahabharat thus condenses these ideas into an epigrammatic pithiness:

"The body of Brahman is not here best utilized for wealth and pleasure.

Inured to suffering and penance in this existence, he will enjoy unlimited bliss in the life to come."

Here the word Braham may be accepted as representing the classes following the Brahmanical creeds. It is no slur or slight on our forefathers to say that they had not reached certain stages of progress in sundry worldly concerns, because their activities in those early times were otherwise directed.

The Hindustan Review.

V. N. Narasimm Iyengar.

THE MAN WHO BURNT HIS CRUCIFIX.

"The Soul cannot live without sorrow.—W. B. Yeats.

I remember a night: it was in Summer, at a time when the silence is broken by the voices of corncrakes. For us it was a silence made audible, as it were, by the rush of the river over the weir, far below us where the Liffey flowed through the valley. It was at the time of daisies. Even the sky above us seemed scattered with them as the stars came out. And the darkness of the field was strewn with them. The field sloped downwards from the avenue, and below the field was the shrubbery, and below that more fields down to the river bank. The Banksia roses were in flower; and at either side of the steps where we sat the escalonia bushes were in bloom. The fresh, strong scent of them was pleasant in the night air.

It was not strange that we, who sat there on the steps of the house, fell into silence. For on these summer nights we mortal beings seem in some sense but lookers-on at the pageant of nature; and, as is fitting, we must listen to her symphonies, striving to understand the subtleties of her music, and realizing the grossness of our hearing.

It was my friend who spoke first, his eyes on the western sky where Venus blazed above the mountains:

"'Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it,'"

he quoted.

I looked at him, his thin worn face, passionate but yet ascetic, seemed the face of a man who might have heard immortal harmonies. When I spoke I said to him: "On a night like this how hard it is to believe in the darker side of our life on earth, in death and disease and poverty. One seems back in the golden age."

He was silent for a moment. Then suddenly he asked me a question:

"What is the greatest symbol?"

I had no answer ready.

"The Crucifix," he said, "for it is the symbol both of sorrow and of joy. There is no other symbol that is joy and sorrow at once. That is why it has conquered the hearts of men."

As he spoke he unfastened a chain that was clasped round his neck and drew out a crucifix. He handed it to me. I bent forward so that the light from the hall behind us fell upon it. The craftsmanship was wonderful. The cross and figure were exquisitely wrought and chased in gold. The wounds in hands and feet were small rubies; the crowns of thorns was jewelled, too.

"One rarely sees such work."

"No; it belonged to a man who was, I think, one of the greatest craftsmen of our time. He collected beautiful work of many kinds. But it is not the

value or workmanship of this that makes me prize it, but my love for him."

He was silent, then added "May he rest in peace."

I gave him the crucifix again.

"I should like to know the story," I said.

"Very well, I will tell it."

. . . . . .

Many years ago, he said—perhaps fifteen years, for I was twenty-five at the time—I was writing a book on old Irish silver. I lived a happy, hand-to-mouth life, haunting libraries and old shops, picking up strange knowledge, and falling more and more under the glamour of the streets.

Ah! towns have their devotees, and I am one of them. Gas lamps are as inspiring as stars to me. Dublin took me to her heart in those days, and I cling to her still, dirty, romantic old town that she is.

She's her dirtiest, shabbiest, most sordid self about the quays, as you know, and it is just there that I love her. The very dinginess, the smell of malt from the Brewery, fascinate me. Those old shops that huddle along the quays—they're the caves of Aladdin, full of treasure. Oh! yes, the quays fill me even now with exultation.

Well, it chanced one day that I went into a dark little shop full of the usual assortment of old silver and china, curious prints, jewelry, Waterford glass, and foreign postage stamps. I had gone in to examine a fine old potato ring, and the owner of the shop being himself a connoisseur we soon fell into conversation. After some talk he told me that if I wished to see real treasures I should call upon a lodger of his, an artist and a collector of beautiful things. But, he added, Mr. Kernahan, the man of whom he spoke, was a curious man, and I might not care for him. He was, it seemed, half Greek by nationality, and whether for this reason or another he was not a man of many friends.

At this moment a man came into the shop from some inner room. He was very tall, and gave one an impression of strength. His thick hair was quite gray, but his face was that of a young man. When his eyes met mine I felt a curious thrill of interest. He stared at me frankly, and then smiled. When he smiled my interest was animated by an extraordinary attraction such as I have never felt for another human being. I felt as though in the presence of a leader who might exact any service of me.

"This gentleman," said the owner of the shop, quite heedless of what had passed spiritually between us, "is like you, Mr. Kernahan, a lover of beautiful things. I have told him of your collection."

Kernahan frowned. His face expressed a violent anger that amazed me.

"You're a fool, Crawford," he said, "why do you talk about me or my affairs?"

"Quite right, sir," Crawford answered nervously. "But this gentleman, sir——"

"Is an exception?"

Again he turned to me and smiled, and again my whole soul went out to him.

"Are you an exception?" he asked me.

He was laughing. His white, even teeth gave him that look of astonishing youthfulness that had struck me at first. I looked up at him, for he was taller than I; I felt that he could see in my face that he had conquered me.

"Yes," I said; "I am an exception."

Kernahan looked into my eyes keenly.

"Perhaps, then, Mr.—Mr.?"

"Grier," I said.

"Perhaps, Mr. Grier, you'll come out with me and have some coffee somewhere?"

I agreed readily, and followed Kernahan out of the shop. His presence inspired me with that peculiar interest which is excitement. We walked down the quays together and down Westmoreland Street. Kernahan was talking all the time of city life and his life in the city. It seemed that he gave drawing lessons at certain schools and that he earned money by his designs. But he did these things only to enable him to have money and leisure to do the work he loved, and to add to that collection of which Crawford had told me.

We went into a café and sat down at a little table together. At this hour the room was very full, but my companion absorbed my whole attention. I seemed almost to lose consciousness of my own identity in my interest in him. He roused in me a sort of enthusiasm. It is hard to explain the cause of fascination, I myself should call it abundance of life.

In these cold northern countries there is a sluggishness about us because there is no sunshine in our blood. Our very minds seem chilled by fog and east wind. But in Demetri Kernahan Irish and Greek blood mingled. Life was hot in him; he had an almost passionate vigor of mind and body. It shone in his eyes, it was expressed in his strong, clever hands, the hands of a true craftsman. He told me something of his own history. His Irish father had been a man of considerable talent, but so prodigal that he had run through a fortune before his marriage. His parents had lived in Greece until his birth, when they had returned to Ireland. Both of them, he told me, were dead.

"And you have never gone back to Greece?" I asked.

"Not yet."

He smiled at me and leaned across the table, his dark eyes staring into mine.

"I go there in my dreams," he said. "Ah, I could tell you the way to a little temple of Aphrodite. It stands in the heart of a wood. As you come up to it you see the gleam of its white pillars between the trees, and the shadows of the leaves dance on the steps."

"Yes," I said, for it seemed to me some real place that he knew.

His eyes shone.

"The wood is hot and very still," he went on; "there's no sound at all but the humming of insects, and then—then through the drowsy quiet of it all you hear a pipe playing. Some faun that you can't see is piping to himself in a hidden place in the wood. And the scent there—it's the scent of sun-sodden pine trees; it's like incense. And so you stand on the temple steps half-fearing to go in, and you peer between the pillars . . ."

He stopped, laughed, fumbled for his purse, and stood up.

"Oh! what fearful rot I'm talking," he said hastily; "you must think I'm mad. So I am."

For a minute I had been in that sunny, quiet wood; now I was back in a busy Dublin café, among clerks and students and people whose lives are as gray as our Irish skies. I sighed as I rose and followed him.

We went back together to the shop. Crawford smiled as we came in.

"I hope you've forgiven me, sir," he said to Kernahan.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I'll accept your exception. Mr. Grier is coming up with me."

We passed through the shop and stumbled up dark stairs where the air was heavy with the smoke of burnt fat from the kitchen below. The first door was Kernahan's. He went in before me and lighted the gas, for it was already growing dark.

He turned and stared at me with

curious eager intensity, which I had noticed before.

"Did you want to come up with me —really?" he asked.

"You know I do," was all I said at the moment.

After a moment I said: "Go on about the temple of Aphrodite."

"You don't expect me to describe Aphrodite, do you?" he asked; "besides, one doesn't see her—it's only a glimmer. I come out of the temple in a sort of rapturous terror, and sit on the steps and talk to the nymphs and fauns—and there's no sadness there, and no hurry and no anxiety, only endless leisure and sunshine, and nothing to do but to sing and play and laugh and kiss."

"How different from life here," I said.

When the gas was lighted I could see what sort of room Kernahan's was. I saw now that it was untidy and shabby with poor furniture and threadbare carpet. But at once I saw beautiful things, some water-colors on one wall, engravings on another, a marble Bacchante on a pedestal, an illuminated Missal and a silver punch-bowl on the table, a case of cameos, and some Japanese lacquer. On the mantel-piece stood old Sheffield candlesticks, and above it a large and beautifully carved crucifix.

I was surprised to see the crucifix, for nothing about Kernahan or his room seemed religious.

"That is beautiful work," I said, looking at it more closely.

"Yes," he answered, "an ugly thing beautifully done. That's why I've kept it so long—I hate it."

I was surprised by his vehemence. I had always had a sort of vague reverence for a crucifix, and I had not accepted the opinion of my parents that it is the symbol of popery, and therefore to be banished.

"A Tyrolese peasant carved it," he said; "he was a saint—a fanatic I should call it. They say he never carved a crucifix but on his knees. If it weren't such a perfect piece of work I should burn it—or break it up—or throw it into the dust-bin."

Again some sort of instinct of reverence made his words painful to me. But my faith was too vague, and I was, besides, too great a coward to say anything that I thought would displease Kernahan.

We were interrupted at the moment, for after a rather timid knock a young man opened the door and stood there looking at Kernahan.

"Could you let me have a penny stamp, Mr. Kernahan?"

"No, I never write letters. I'm sorry, Lawson."

"Thank you, don't trouble; I'll ask Crawford."

He disappeared.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"Oh! he's an odd sort of fellow called Lawson."

"How is he odd?"

"He's odd because he's so ordinary. He lives a ghastly life, and never seems dissatisfied."

"Why is it ghastly?"

"He's a clerk in a big drapery business. He lodges in the room over mine. Now, he's the sort of fellow who would like that crucifix."

"Then why don't you give it to him?"

"No; I'm not going to foster that sort of spirit. Why encourage a man to worship misery? Indeed, I told him I didn't like it—he wanted to buy it, but he couldn't afford my price; he's very poor, and I didn't want him to have it. He's given over to that sort of morbidness; his room is full of thin saints and pale Madonnas, and crosses and prayer desks. Of beauty—of life, real life—the poor young counter-jumper knows nothing. How can he in this rainy and religious country?"

I forgot Lawson very soon, for I was

wandering round the room looking at the innumerable treasures there. Kernahan went to a cupboard, took out a bottle of Alicante and two beautiful glasses. "Now," he said, "you shall look through my portfolios. But first you shall drink this Alicante. It will make you think of Summer, and of sunny fields and hot thymy grass. You will forget the gray streets, and go back to Greece in the days when Pan was alive."

I took the portfolios and turned over the drawings one by one. It is difficult to describe them to you. Some day I will show you three of them, and then you shall judge. It was not his sense of form, nor his marvellous feeling for color, nor even his decorative genius, that made his work so extraordinary. It was, rather, the abounding life that it conveyed to one. The pictures were like scenes from a carnival of the earth. They showed a riot of joy unrestrained by thought or conscience. He had dreamed of a world intoxicated with life and sunshine, and he had drawn it in all the gladness of his spirit.

You know Aubrey Beardsley's work, and how it conveys a sense of fear and repulsion. Kernahan's pictures were as wonderful; but they gave one the feeling of unshadowed joy, the joy of a pagan world where the shadow of the cross has never fallen.

An hour or more must have passed as I looked at these drawings of dancing fauns and mad Bacchantes, of dryads and sylphs and gods who wandered amongst men. Sometimes Kernahan, looking over my shoulder, described the scene as though he had seen it; or he pointed out some flower-grown spring or shadowy grove, saying that he had been there in his dreams, and he would speak of the scent of the hot flowery grass and the sound of a shepherd's pipe in the still air and a boy's voice singing.

I lingered on, and we had dinner together—a very scanty dinner that I enjoyed more, I fancy, than any meal I have ever had. It seems to me now that no man can talk as Kernahan did. Somehow his speech was like new coinage, bright, golden, stamped clearly with the imprint of a vigorous mind.

He asked me after a while if I knew Greek.

"Fairly," I said.

"That's good. I don't, neither ancient nor modern. I can only get my classics in translation. But I love to hear the sound of Greek. Will you come and read to me sometimes?"

I promised eagerly, and he thanked me. I felt that he saw my admiration in my eyes, for he smiled with a sort of tolerant good humor.

"Very well, then," he answered. "We'll have Bion and Moschus and Theocritus, and some of the poets. Philosophy and tragedies may stay outside the door. We never get half enough of joy in this dreary country."

At nine o'clock I left him. I was glowing with excitement. Someone came down the dark stairs behind me. I felt sure it was the devout young clerk of the room overhead. He evidently thought that I was Kernahan, for he said: "It's a cold evening, Mr. Kernahan."

"Is it?" I asked; "I'm very hot."

"I beg your pardon, I thought you were Mr. Kernahan."

He followed me through the shop. I turned to speak to him. His mistake had left him flushed. He had good gray eyes that made one like him. We went out together.

"You're English aren't you?" I asked, for his accent had told me that.

"Yes, I've only been over here for two years."

"Do you know Mr. Kernahan well?"

"No, indeed—I only see him because I lodge at Crawford's."

We were going the same way, and

we walked together by the river wall, watching the reflection of the lights in the dark waters.

"I wish I were Kernahan," I said at last; "there are not many artists like that."

"No? Perhaps not. I'm no judge. I like Leighton—those lovely draperies, you know. And Watts I rather like—though it's hard to make out his religious views."

I wanted to laugh, but I asked gravely enough: "You're a Catholic, are you not?"

"Yes—but over here they only use the word to describe one branch of the Catholic Church. I am an Anglican Catholic."

I said "Oh" rather blankly, for the young man's religious views did not interest me.

"Are you a Catholic?" he asked, eagerly.

I was young and very arrogant.

"I suppose I am in the widest sense," I answered. "All religions are good; I don't distinguish between them. I consider dogmas a hindrance to the pursuit of truth."

He turned to look at me, and a gas lamp threw a bright light on his face. He was smiling. I think this time it was he who repressed a laugh.

"I see," he answered very quietly.

We had reached O'Connell Bridge, and our ways parted.

"Good-night," I said.

He paused.

"I don't wish I were Mr. Kernahan," he remarked so abruptly that I was startled.

He smiled, blushed again, raised his hat, and went off towards Nelson's Pillar.

For the next few weeks Demetri Kernahan was my one absorbing interest. I went to the little curiosity shop nearly every night and up the dark stairs and into his room. There, whilst he drew or carved, I sat watching him or reading Greek, translating it sometimes or reading on that he might get the splendor of the sound.

Lawson, the young clerk of the attic, sometimes came in to borrow a pencil or to buy a postage stamp from me. He refused the Alicante or liqueurs that Kernahan offered, and took but a careless glance at his pictures. We both laughed at him, but still we respected him. Lawson had, with all his bashfulness, an air of quiet strength that gave one pleasure in his company.

"I wonder," said Kernahan sometimes, "that the fellow isn't a priest; he'd make a good one."

It was a jest with us that at a certain time there was a heavy sound overhead when Lawson knelt to pray, and then after a while the creak of his bed. Kernahan said that he liked to think that Lawson was asleep, and not praying in the cold. Then, in the hour before midnight, we read and talked of the sweet-voiced Thyrsis, of quarrelsome Comatas and Lacon, of Daphnis, the well-loved herdsman, and of that poor love-sick giant whose pastoral soul beamed through a solitary eye, and whose shaggy form repulsed his sea-born love. And it seemed to me, as I read and he drew, that we were making a little world in the midst of this gray world beside the quays. With our own thoughts and desires we were drawing the old world back, gathering about us the happy wanton crew of gods and shepherds, nymphs and satyrs, piping goat-herds and dancing fauns.

The room next to Kernahan's had been occupied by one of the Crawfords. When he went to some post in America his father offered the room to me if I wished to take it. I was delighted at the chance of being near Kernahan, and gladly accepted it. I found, too, that I had a curious pleasure in being in the same house with Lawson. Kernahan said sometimes

that Lawson represented a force that he could not analyze. We called him the Philistine and his attic "Philistia," but I liked to hear his footsteps overhead or his whistle as he ran downstairs.

One night I came from the library rather late; it was cold and damp. The bare-footed children running with their papers looked pinched and cold. I was conscious of the discomfort of physical existence in a northern country. Not a face passed me but it looked cold or anxious or unhappy. I looked forward with intense eagerness to the warmth and comfort of Kernahan's room, supper by his fire, and then our work together. I found him sitting at his table, drawing. He was intensely eager about his work. He looked up at me with brilliant eyes.

"Do you remember," said he, "how the goat-herd offers Thyrsis a drinking-cup if he will sit under the elm and pipe and sing to him? The cup was of ivy wood, rubbed with sweet wax and fashioned with two handles. It was carved with ivy and marigolds, and on the inner surface with a woman to whom two men are speaking words of love, and with a hardy old fisherman casting his nets with boyish vigor, and with a little boy making a locust trap while the foxes are spoiling his vines and sniffing at his wallet. That must have been a fine cup, Grier; I wish we could see it now."

He stood up and came to the fire, where I was warming my hands. "I shall make one, too, and mine shall be finer than the goat-herd's; there shall be no craftsmanship like it in the modern world. I have begun the design and bought the wood. It shall be a cup worthy of Dionysus."

By some strange impulse we both raised our eyes to the crucifix above the mantel-piece. Kernahan stared at it with contempt.

"Yes, my cup shall defy that crucifix as beauty and joy defy the image of a tortured god."

He raised his hand quickly, dragged the crucifix from the wall, and threw it into the fire.

I caught his arm, but he pushed me back.

"Let it burn," said he. "You think I shall burn in hell for that? If I have carved my cup according to my dreams I shall not care. Don't look so frightened, man; fill your glass and drink to the beautiful thing I am about to make."

I have told you—how truly God knows—that I am a coward. I feared Kernahan, but I feared another power. I would not drink with him. I stammered out something about being a Christian. Kernahan laughed.

"You aren't much of a Christian, Grier; to be honest, you're neither one thing nor the other. You are not a passionate Philistine of a Christian as Lawson is, for instance; nor are you a pagan as I am."

I was angry and ashamed, so I left him and went to my own room. For a while I thought of finding Lawson and telling him what had happened, but that seemed childish; yet a sort of terror at the thing Kernahan had done haunted me all that night.

A man may burn a crucifix for the love of God, and I do not doubt that, though he destroys the image of his God, it is counted to him for righteousness because of the love that makes him do it. But Kernahan's act had borne a deep significance. Of deliberate choice he had defied the power of Christ crucified. He had exalted the spirit of pleasure above that spirit of joyful sacrifice which is, as you know, the very core of Christianity. There are moments in many lives when this choice between two services is offered—between God and Mammon or between God and the god of pleasure. He had chosen and rejected God

as God is known among Christians.

The next day Kernahan made no mention of what had happened. He was absorbed in his designs, but he was friendly and affectionate, and asked me to read to him in the evening. He chose the Bacchæ of Euripides. I found a good translation, which I read first, giving him the original Greek in the finest passages.

"It is that spiritual intoxication," he said, when I had done, "without which no man can be an artist. He must be beyond himself, he must be possessed by a power greater than himself. I think every mythology sets forth that idea in some form. Here it is in the mad worship of Bacchus, and in the intoxication which strong wine symbolizes. Why, the very Apostles of your Bible were thought to be drunken with wine."

He looked at me with a face aglow with an intense life and eagerness. "At the bottom of my cup," he said, "I shall have the head of Dionysus crowned with vine leaves, and vines shall cover the inner surface, and among them you shall see the faces of poets and dreamers, and great craftsmen—all of them possessed by the power of the god. And then, on the outside, I shall carve a riot of life round and about the cup. Here is the design. Dionysus is leading them, and he is followed by mænads, their hair blown about their faces; and after them are shepherds playing on pipes, followed by capering lambs and kids; then come nymphs hand in hand with fauns, and a riotous satyr clashing cymbals above his head. Behind him are children, the sheep dog capering before them, and after the children a fisher-boy—you can see that he is shouting as he goes. And all of them are blown about by the spring wind, and dishevelled by their dancing. Then on this page you see the handles; they are branches of vine, and at the base of them the faces of laughing fauns peeping out from under clusters of grapes."

I looked at these drawings in silence. I have never seen their like. I know of no artist with such a power of showing life by mere outline.

"It is marvellous," I said. His glowing face was bent above the book.

"It is almost super-human," I added.

"Yes, that is what I told you. All art is in its essence super-human; it is a divine possession. The god possesses me now or I could not work as I do."

The next day the carving was begun. Only a man with unusual vitality could have borne the strain of such continual work and of such spiritual energy. Once, fearing for his health, I said to him as he worked: "Demetri, you are killing yourself. Your own life is going into the cup."

He laughed at that.

"Then I shall have a worthy immortality," he answered.

Once or twice Lawson came in and looked at the work.

"I do not like it," he said, with great frankness.

"No. You would rather have Sir Noel Paton?"

"Yes," said Lawson. "I would."

Lawson came to my room.

"I think Mr. Kernahan will go mad soon," he remarked; "you love him, don't you? You had better watch him. When the cup is done, this tide of energy will turn, and he will die or lose his reason. A normal man cannot work like that."

For weeks Kernahan worked at the cup, and I watched it grow in all its fine beauty. The fire of energy that was in him did not seem to flicker or fail. And when I looked at the marvel that grew under his hands it seemed to me that his life was in it, and that it was his own joy that made the dancing pro-

cession shout and play as they followed the god round the bowl.

When it was nearly finished, I went away for a few weeks to stay with friends in the country.

"It will be done when you come back," said Kernahan.

"Yes; I long to see it. What will you do with it?"

"Oh! I don't know; I shall sit and look at it, and praise the gods that such work can be done."

I left him bending over his carving, and went out. And I said to myself, as I took the gray, muddy way to Amiens Street, that he was like a young god at work.

W. M. Letts.

The Irish Review. (*To be concluded.*)

THE PRECEPTOR.

He had a philosophy as yet untouched. His stars were the old stars, his faith the old faith; nor would he recognize that there was any other, for, not to recognize any point of view except his own was no doubt the very essence of his faith. Wisdom! There was surely none save the flinging of the door to, standing with your back against that door, and telling people what was behind it. For though he could not know what was behind, he thought it low to say so. An "atheist," as he termed certain persons, was to him beneath contempt, an "agnostic," as he termed certain others, a poor and foolish creature. As for a rationalist, positivist, pragmatist, or any other "ist"—well, that was just what they were. He made no secret of the fact that he simply could not understand people like that. It was true. "What can they do—save deny?" he would say: "What do they contribute to the morals and the elevation of the world? What do they put in place of what they take away? What have they got, to make up for what is behind that door? Where are their symbols? How shall they move and lead the people? No," he said, "a little child shall lead the people, and I am the little child! For I can spin them a tale, such as children love, of what is behind the door." Such was the temper of his mind, that he never flinched from believing true what he thought would benefit himself and others. For example, he held a crown of ultimate advantage to be necessary to pure and stable living. If one could not say: "Listen, children! there it is, behind the door! Look at it, shining, golden—yours! Not now, but when you die, if you are good. Be good, therefore! For if you are not good—no crown!" If one could not say that—what could one say? What inducement hold out? And he would describe the crown! There was nothing he detested more than commercialism. And to anyone who ventured to suggest that there was something rather commercial about the idea of that crown, he would retort with asperity. A mere creed that good must be done, so to speak, just out of a present love of dignity and beauty—as a man, seeing something he admired, might work to reproduce it, knowing that he would never achieve it perfectly, but going on until he dropped, out of sheer love of going on—he thought vague, futile, devoid of glamor, and contrary to human nature, for he always judged people by himself, and felt that no one could like to go on unless they knew that they would get something if they did. To promise victory, therefore, was most

important. Forlorn hopes, setting your teeth, back to the wall, and all that, was bleak and wintry doctrine, without inspiration in it, because it led to nothing. And he abominated those others, who, not presuming to believe in anything, went on, because—as they said—to give up would be to lose their honor. This seemed to him most unpoetic, as well as the very negation of faith; and faith was, as has been said, the mainspring of his philosophy.

Once, indeed, in the unguarded moment of a heated argument, he had confessed that some day men might not require to use the symbols of religion which they used now. It was at once pointed out to him that if he thought that, he could not believe these symbols to be true for all time; and if they were not true for all time, why did he say they were? He was dreadfully upset. Deferring answer, however, for the moment, he was soon able to retort that the symbols were true—er—mystically. If a man—and this was the point—did not stand by *these* symbols, by which could he stand? Tell him that! Symbols were necessary. But what symbols were there in a mere Good Will; a mere vague following of one's own dignity and honor, out of a formless love of Life? How put up a religion of such amorphous and unrewarded chivalry and devotion, how put up a blind love of Mystery, in place of a religion of definite crowns and punishments, how substitute a love of mere abstract Goodness, or Beauty, for love of what could be called by Christian names? Human nature being what it was—it would not do, it absolutely would not do. Though he was fond of the words Mystery, Mystical, he had emphatically no use for them when they were vaguely used by people to express their perpetual (and quite unmoral) reverence for the feeling that they would never find out the secret of their own existence, never even understand the nature of the Universe of God. Mystery of all that kind seemed to him very pagan, almost Nature-worship, having no finality. And if confronted by someone who said that a Mystery, *if* it could be understood would naturally not be a Mystery, he would raise his eyebrows. It was that kind of loose, specious, sentimental talk that did so much harm, and drew people away from right understanding of that Great Mystery which, if it was *not* understood and properly explained, was, for all practical purposes, not a Great Mystery at all. No, it had all been gone into long ago, and he stood by the explanations and intended that everyone else should, for in that way alone men were saved; and though he well knew (for he was no Jesuit) that the end did not justify the means, yet in a matter of such all-importance one stopped to consider neither means nor ends—one just saved people. And as for truth—the question of that did not arise, if one believed. What one believed, what one was told to believe, *was* the truth; and it was no good telling him that the whole range of a man's feeling and reasoning powers must be exercised to ascertain Truth, and that, when ascertained, it would only be relative Truth, and the best available to that particular man. Nothing short of the absolute truth would he put up with, and that guaranteed fixed and immovable, or it was no good for his purpose. To anyone who threw out doubts here and doubts there, and even worse than doubts, he had long formed the habit of saying simply, with a smile that he tried hard to make indulgent: "Of course, if you believe *that!*"

But he very seldom had to argue on these matters, because people, looking at his face with its upright bone formation, rather bushy eyebrows, and eyes with a good deal of light in them,

felt that it would be simpler not. He seemed to them to know his own mind almost too well. Joined to this potent faculty of implanting in men a child-like trustfulness in what he told them was behind the door, he had a still more potent faculty of knowing exactly what was good for them in everyday life. The secret of this power was simple. He did not recognize the existence of what moderns and so-called "artists" dubbed "temperament." All talk of that sort was bosh, and generally immoral bosh; for all moral purposes people really had but one temperament, and that was, of course, just like his own. And no one knew better than he what was good for it. He was perfectly willing to recognize the principle of individual treatment for individual cases; but it did not do, in practice, he was convinced, to vary. This instinctive wisdom made him invaluable in all those departments of life where discipline and the dispensation of an even justice were important. To adapt men to the Moral Law was—he thought—perhaps the first duty of a preceptor, especially in days when there was perceptible a distinct but regrettable tendency to try and adapt the Moral Law to the needs—as they were glibly called—of men. There was, perhaps, in him something of the pedagogue, and when he met a person who disagreed with him, his eyes would shift a bit to the right and a bit to the left, then become firmly fixed upon that person from under brows rather drawn down; and his hand, large and strong, would move fingers, as if more and more tightly grasping a cane, birch, or other wholesome instrument. He loved his fellow-creatures so that he could not bear to see them going to destruction for want of a timely flogging to salvation.

He was one of those who seldom felt the need for personal experience of a phase of life, or line of conduct, before giving judgment on it; indeed, he gravely distrusted personal experience. He had opposed, for instance, all relief for the unhappily married long before he left the single state; and when he did leave it, would not admit for a moment that his own happiness was at all responsible for the petrifaction of his view that no relief was necessary. Hard cases made bad law! But he did not require to base his opinion upon that. He said simply that he had been told there was to be no relief—it was enough.

The saying: "To understand all is to forgive all!" left him cold. It was, as he well knew, quite impossible to identify himself with such conditions as produced poverty, disease, and crime, even if he wished to do so (which he sometimes doubted). He knew better, therefore, than to waste his time attempting the impossible; and he pinned his faith to an instinctive knowledge of how to deal with all such social ills. A contented spirit for poverty, for disease isolation, and for crime such punishment as would at once deter others, reform the criminal, and convince everyone that Law must be avenged and the Social Conscience appeased. On this point of revenge he was emphatic. No vulgar personal feeling of vindictiveness, of course, but a strong State feeling of "an eye for an eye." It was the only taint of Socialism that he permitted himself. Loose thinkers he knew dared to say that a desire for retribution or revenge was a purely human or individual feeling like hate, love, and jealousy, and that to talk of satisfying such a feeling in the collected bosom of the State was either to talk nonsense—How could a State have a bosom?—or to cause the bosoms of the human individuals who administered the justice of the State to feel that each of them was itself that Stately bosom, and entitled to be revengeful.

"Oh! no!" he would answer to such loose-thinking persons: "Judges, of course, give expression, not to what they feel themselves, but to what they imagine the State feels." He himself, for example, was perfectly able to imagine which crimes were those that inspired in the bosom of the State a particular abhorrence, a particular desire to be avenged—now it was blackmail, now assaults upon children, or living on the earnings of immoral women; he was certain that the State regarded all these with peculiar detestation, for he had, and quite rightly, a particular detestation of them himself; and if he were a judge, he would never for a moment hesitate to visit on the perpetrators of such vile crimes the utmost vengeance of the Law. He was no loose thinker. In these times bedridden with loose thinking and sickly sentiment, he often felt terribly the value of his own philosophy, and was afraid that it was in danger. But not many other people held that view, discerning his finger still very large in every pie—so much so that there often seemed less pie than finger.

It would have shocked him much to realize that he could be considered a fit subject for a study of extravagance; fortunately, he had not the power of seeing himself as others saw him, nor was there any danger that he ever would.

John Galsworthy.

The Nation.

ON OPENING A LETTER.

There are few habits of daily life which more clearly reveal character than one's method of receiving and opening letters. This is true whatever time of day they arrive; but the time when it can be most profitably observed is at the delivery of the morning letters; they are the first event of the day, the first impinging of the outer world upon our personal lives, and as we have been without letters for twelve hours we have an appetite for them, as we have for breakfast. There are many ways of receiving one's morning letters; some people have them brought to the bedside before they are up, where they can be read and dealt with in privacy; such people come down to breakfast as though they had received no letters at all, and thereby deprive the curious among their fellows of a certain amount of entertainment. In other houses letters are laid out in little piles on a hall table; and this is an arrangement much more gratifying to the curiously minded, for if they come down early they can look at everyone else's pile of letters and at the same time remove their own from the vulgar gaze. A third method, characteristic of family life in modest establishments, is to have the letters disposed beside the plates on the breakfast-table; and this is the least satisfactory to the retiring, and the most gratifying to the prying mind—except the intolerable but fortunately rare custom of having all the letters brought in to the head of the house, who examines them one by one, and distributes them to their rightful owners. There is a publicity in this arrangement which offends against all the ethics of private correspondence. There are many people who would not dream of opening or reading anyone else's letters, but who think nothing of commenting on the unopened envelope, saying, "I see you have a letter from so-and-so"—and then waiting to be told something of its contents. This habit, although it seems so harmless, may lead to the most fatal results; it has in fact been the cause of more

mortification, embarrassment, and downright deception than those who indulge in it ever realize.

There are all kinds of sensations and emotions precedent to the actual opening of letters. One becomes skilful in diagnosing their character and contents, and, even before the face of the envelope has been uncovered, the very edges of some of them will give rise to apprehension or hope. There are letters the mere sight of which gives one a troubled and anxious sensation; everyone has his or her own particular brand. There are others which produce a sense of boredom; we know so well all that the writer is likely to say, and that almost certainly there will be nothing of news or interest in them; that it will be a weariness to read them, and that they will go immediately into the fire when read. There are a few—how few as life goes on!—the sight of which gives one a thrill of delight; and these, according to individual temperament, we either open greedily at first or reserve as a *bonne-bouche* for the last. It is when one is young that the receipt of letters in public—at the breakfast-table, for example—is most likely to cause us embarrassment, for in youth a business letter is a rare thing; nearly all one's communications are of a personal character, and many of them are not unconnected with romantic emotions. We feel that the eyes of the breakfast-table—those deadly, observant eyes of one's surrounding family—are upon us; if we do open the letter we shall have to read it under the fire of glances; if we do not, we thereby advertise the fact that it is of too private and sacred a nature to be read in public. We feel it impossible, if we open it and read it, that some casual glance will not observe the disposition of writing on the front page—whether it begins with three short words like "My dear John"; whether there are only two words (the longer one first), which can only be "darling" or "dearest"; whether there is only one short word, which is certainly one of endearment; or whether there is no line of apostrophe at all, and the front page is a solid block of writing—which conveys to the most careless straying glance the fact that a certain degree of intimacy has been reached between the writer and the reader. In the eyes of the embarrassed recipient the handwriting is magnified to several dimensions; it seems impossible, as he turns to the second page, that the first cannot be read like a placard from halfway across the room. If by any chance such a thing as a photograph or a flower falls out of the letter there is no possibility of concealing the fact; and one sits there in agonized embarrassment, a leisurely study for the surrounding public of a Young Person receiving an Affectionate Epistle.

But these things pass with the years, and as we grow older our correspondence becomes so diluted with the trivial and the commonplace that the most tremendous and fateful epistles can be received and opened without exciting any comment. But having received your letters, how do you open them? Do you turn them all over one by one from the top to the bottom of the pile and select one for opening? Do you make a dash at the one that looks most interesting? Do you begin at the top and go steadily through, reading and dealing with one letter before you open the next? Do you methodically open all the envelopes first and then take out their contents in turn and examine them? Or do you choose here and there, taking either the most formidable or the most trivial first according as your nature is of the impulsive or cautious type? Any of these methods will reveal a great deal about your character to the

observant onlooker. Do you examine the envelope critically first to see whether you know the writing; or, if that is unfamiliar, look at the back to see if there is a crest or a cipher; or, failing that, do you examine the postmark to see if that will give you any clue to the writer's identity? Probably you do, because the one way of finding out whom a letter is from—opening and reading it—is only adopted by the majority of people after all other means have been tried. There is a childish pleasure in this brief moment of puzzledom akin in its small way to the abiding joy of opening a parcel containing a present, and wondering, as the successive wrappings are removed, whatever can be inside.

My average morning post contains the following items: A catalogue of second-hand books; a green packet from the Press-cutting agency; an invoice; two statements of accounts rendered; a confidential letter from a money-lender; a notice in a halfpenny envelope of some kind of meeting; an invitation or so; a communication from some unknown reader; a letter from a publisher, editor, or literary agent; ditto from a lord mayor or duke telling me that as he has consented to take the chair at an annual dinner he thinks it a suitable occasion for me to subscribe largely to a charity; and, only occasionally, a letter from some friend or relation on purely human and personal matters. There is not much room for variety in that, you would think; and yet I go through the daily game of looking at them all in turn and hoping that there will be something so unfamiliar that I cannot diagnose it at once and will still be in doubt as to its contents when I open it.

But there are certain times when one receives letters which one fears to open, which one puts on one side unopened; somehow, one thinks, the calamity or inconvenience which they herald will be put off as long as they remain unopened; one's heart sinks at the sight of them, and one tries to pretend that they have not arrived. And there are certain frames of mind, in periods of depression or anxiety, when one will carry such a letter about with one for a day or two unopened. Sometimes when it is opened we find that it was not what we had feared, and that we have been suffering for nothing; but in any case such a form of procedure is a sign that our equipment for the business of life is not what it should be; that we are below par, and ought instantly to take ourselves in hand, physically or mentally as the case may be, and get into a more courageous state of mind. The letter itself is nothing; if its news is ill, the ill has already happened and we cannot avert or prevent it; whatever it is, the sooner we know it and deal with it, the better for ourselves. Then there is the letter that tells you, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, that some one you cared for is dead. Such letters have a stealthy way of lying unimportantly among one's other correspondence; they get themselves taken up without scrutiny and opened mechanically while we are thinking of something else, and their dread message is suddenly spoken to us from the opened page. As one pauses with such a letter in one's hand and thinks back to the time when it was written or of which it tells, one sees with the mind's eye the letter hurrying on its way, in the post-cart, in the mail-bag, in the train flying over bridges and by river valleys and through sleeping towns in the darkness, to come and tell one that a part of one's life has been torn away and the world will never be quite the same again. How one remembers all the trivial things one has been doing during that time, unconscious that any blow had fallen; and how the tre-

mendous fact made no difference at all by its actual happening, but only when the little letter came and told us that it had happened! And one thinks at such a time of how all the other letters are hurrying about the world by sea and land, being tied into bundles in the lighted post-office vans, or shot through pneumatic tubes, or jogging along on dark and scented country roads, dealing similar little blows at other little people all over the round world; and how the round world swings on into darkness and light, no slower for the joy, and no faster for the grief, that is thrilling on its surface!

There is one kind of caution with regard to letters, not cowardly, but merely a piece of legitimate prudence, which I strongly advise; and that is, never to read a letter the last thing at night. It requires a little determination; the pile of letters that comes by the late post and is left in your room shortly before you go to bed sometimes looks very harmless and alluring; but it is a good rule to have nothing to do with them. Not once in a hundred times can you take any action at that hour of the night which cannot as well be taken in the morning; and there may be matter in some of those letters which will disturb your tranquillity and set going trains of thought, tiresomely or even pleasantly exciting, by which your night's rest will not be improved. It is much better to make sure of sleep, and with it of the necessary degree of courage to open all your letters, whatever they may contain, in the morning.

Filson Young.

The Outlook.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

We much regret to hear of the death of Mr. Watts-Dunton. He had reached the patriarchal age of 82, and survived most of his contemporaries and friends. He spoke more than once in recent years of looking down an Appian Way of tombs, but his wide and keen interest in life was unabated, and he was always ready to welcome a new reputation in letters. He made a happy marriage in 1905 with Miss Clara Reich, whom he had known from girlhood.

Theodore Watts (he added his mother's name of Dunton in 1897), was born at St. Ives, Huntingdon, in 1832. As a small boy, he went to a school at Cambridge, and there as well as later at home, he laid the foundations of his singularly wide range of knowledge. His father had a passion for science, particularly geology and geography, and at one time he proposed to be a naturalist. His interest in nature and country life—beyond that of most poets and critics—left a strong mark on his verse, and late in life he was ready to discuss the science of Darwin no less than the philosophy of Plato, or the poetry of Shakespeare. Country life brought him to a fruitful acquaintance with gipsies before he was articled to his father as a solicitor. He practised for a time in London, but already he had begun to write poetry, and to take a keen interest in art, music, and letters, and to exercise those great gifts for friendship which would alone have made him a name.

Literature and friendship were henceforth the two main interests of his life. A man of the kindliest and most generous nature, he was always ready to sacrifice himself where a friend was concerned. The world knows of his tireless devotion to Rossetti and Swinburne, but many a lesser man owed his beginnings, or encouragement in times of difficulty to his pen. He was singu-

larly free from jealousy, and he never used his intimacy with the eminent as a means of writing the sort of gossip about them which the world loves, and which like De Quincey's account of the Lake Poets, is more personal than friendly. "On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime," as Renan said, and it is quite possible to be vivid without being spiteful. Mr. Watts-Dunton's memoirs of his dead friends in our own columns show this.

It was in *The Athenæum*, after a short period on *The Examiner*, under the editorship of Minto, that he made his reputation, though he did not sign his articles, and never, in spite of repeated requests, gathered them into a a volume. Such a reticence seems strange to an age which believes, above all things, in personal advertisement. But careless as Mr. Watts-Dunton was about the recognition of his work, it attracted the widest attention, and it brought him the admiration of many younger men who imbibed his principles, and in their turn, enunciated views now so long established that they seem commonplaces.

As for the matter and manner of these criticisms, Mr. James Douglas in his book on Mr. Watts-Dunton as Poet, Novelist, and Critic, says happily that they have "the personal magic of the living voice." Their writer was a remarkable talker, and there is a good deal of spontaneous charm in his criticism, with some of the ebullition natural to talk. It was often unbusinesslike reviewing, as he himself admitted, the book being the peg on which weighty things were hung. Mr. Watts-Dunton was concerned with first principles, with meditating on literary art and its laws, with a range of illustration and comparison beyond the average reviewer. How much more profitable this was for every one except, perhaps, the author under treatment, we need scarcely affirm. But Mr. Watts-Dunton did not hesitate to speak plainly on the greatness of work which was comparatively unknown, such as that of Meredith in earlier days, and he laid his opinion on a firmer basis than the brilliant advocate who has the art of discovering genius just because the world neglects it. As a critic of fundamental things, Mr. Watts-Dunton was of the lineage of Coleridge, reminding us in his range from the East to Germany, and from Greece to modern science of that strangely divagating mind. A little more philosophical generalization, and a good deal less about the personalities of authors would do no harm to English criticism to-day. The best of Watts-Dunton's work is unassailable because it goes deeper than literary fashion or the prejudices of taste. His masterly article on "Poetry" in "The Encyclopædia Britannica" has retained its place throughout the years, and we hope that its republication will not be delayed by his death. "The Renascence of Wonder," the phrase he invented to indicate "a great revived movement of the soul of man, after a long period of prosaic acceptance in all things, including literature and art," is a happy piece of literary shorthand, but was overrated as a shibboleth at the time of its appearance. There is more in that definition of Zoroaster which Mr. Watts-Dunton often quoted and explained, "Poetry is apparent pictures of unapparent realities."

When Mr. Watts-Dunton at last, at the age of 68, published his romance "Aylwin," he showed that critics were not always failures in literature. The success of the book was immediate and overwhelming, and edition has followed edition. It has a striking metaphysical side as well as passion, an exposition seldom attempted of the influence of Romany blood on its possessors and

their surroundings, and a portrayal also novel of the Cymric side of the Celtic character. Perhaps for the ordinary reader the fine descriptions of Welsh scenery and some admirable portraits derived from well-known prototypes were more potent attractions. The style is a little Early Victorian in its slow movement, though there are admirable touches of humor. Of the two heroines Sinfi Lovell, the gipsy girl, is the more attractive, and the reader cannot share the critic's regret that, like some of Scott's wild characters, she has insisted on her way with the author, and somewhat dislocated the structure of the book. Mr. Watts-Dunton was at his best whenever he was dealing with the Romany, and his introductions to Borrow's books make us regret that he did not find time to write at large on a subject no one understood better than he.

Another novel of his, dealing with Hungarian life and entitled "Carniola," was finished some time since, but his zeal for revision prevented him from publishing it.

Rossetti acclaimed Mr. Watts-Dunton as "the most original sonnet-writer living," and in this form his work has a charm and an effectiveness which are all his own. Close-packed with thought —over-packed, perhaps, sometimes— his best sonnets have that subtle, fine, intangible something which is poetry.

In "The Coming of Love," the most considerable in length of his poems, some of these sonnets are introduced and intermingled with lyrical poems in various measures—often of notable ingenuity—and there are some highly interesting experiments in homely realism, partly written in gipsy dialect. An attempt was made here, with the aid of numerous descriptive headings, to unite the form of the novel with that of the poem, but the result was not sufficiently coherent. Mr. Watts-Dunton got nearer to success than the author of "Aurora Leigh," but, if both hold their place in English verse, it will be in spite of rather than on account of their form.

With all his cosmopolitan culture Mr. Watts-Dunton was thoroughly English, and his "Jubilee Greeting at Spithead to the Men of Greater Britain" is one of the few patriotic pieces worthy of the subject. His sympathy with Shakespeare, on whom he wrote some fine criticism, and his imaginative power are well shown in "Christmas at the Mermaid."

Tennyson, Rossetti, Swinburne, Meredith, Borrow—a crowd of shining names illuminate the career of Watts-Dunton. He was the last of those great Victorians to whom the present world owes more than it is aware. He lived on to see the twentieth century, and was untouched by its groping pessimism, its denial of beauty and order. Full of years he has left us, but he was to the end as one loved by the gods, young and vigorous in spirit.

The Athenæum.

A SILVER JUBILEE.

"Another!" said George, flinging down the card. "I have had just about *enough of it!*" He spoke vehemently, with an intonation that I have tried to convey by the employment of italics. It was obvious that he was deeply moved.

"Do you mind explaining?" I asked.

"It explains itself," he answered disgustedly, referring to the card. I picked it up. It was a printed communication, in which somebody, whose name I forget, requested the pleasure of George's presence at the marriage of his daugh-

ter Something to Mr. Somebody else.

I read it aloud. "What's wrong with that?" I asked. "Were you in love with her yourself?"

"I was not," said George shortly. "To the best of my knowledge I have never even set eyes on the wretched girl, and never want to. My implication in the affair rests solely on my having once been at school with the bridegroom."

"Then what more touching than that he should desire the presence of his old comrade at such a crisis?"

"*Presence!*" began George bitterly. "If they'd said——"

I stopped him. "I know the pun," I said quickly, "and am no longer capable of being amused at it. So that is the ground of your complaint. I must say, George, that I regard this as a little mean of you."

"You may," answered George. "That shows you don't realize the facts. If you were in my position you wouldn't talk like that. Why, look at it," he went on, warming to his subject, "here am I, a bachelor nearing fifty, with an income, secure certainly, but by no means lavish; and what do we find? Scarcely a day goes by without my receiving some more or less veiled demand from persons without a shadow of claim!

"Relatives," pursued George, "one, of course, expects. I have myself five elder sisters, all of them comfortably married with my assistance. Pianos or dinner-sets or whatever it happened to be," explained George. "I make no complaint there. Not even though in these cases the initial outlay was only the beginning. I am by now seventeen times an uncle. A pleasant position at first, but repetition stales it. The expense of that alone is becoming appalling. Why on earth didn't Henry VIII. or somebody institute a bounty for uncles?"

"It can't be so bad as all that."

"It would not be, if, as I say, the matter was kept within one's own family. But you see it isn't. I have now reached that time of life in which the rush of weddings appears to be heaviest. Everybody I ever met seems to be doing it, and using the fact as an excuse for blackmail. I am a poor man, and I have had enough of it!"

I made a sympathetic noise. As a matter of fact, George's friends agree that he is very comfortably off, but I let that pass. "What are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"This," answered George unexpectedly. He opened his pocket-book and produced a half-sheet of note-paper. "This is going in *The Morning Post* to-morrow. I wrote it some time ago, but the hour has now come when I must make a stand and endeavor to get a little of my own back. So in she goes!"

I took the paper and read as follows: "1889—1914. Mr. George Pennywise, of 1096, Upper Brook Street, having remained a bachelor during twenty-five years of eligibility, invites his numerous friends to join with him in celebrating his silver celibacy."

"The idea is not original," I said coldly, "but I am interested to know why you should select this particular moment rather than any other. What happened in '89?"

George looked faintly conscious. "Nothing," he answered. "That's just the point. It's what might have happened. I think you've never heard me speak of a girl called Emeline? Anyhow, I was rather struck at that time; we were staying in the same house that autumn, and I believe everybody expected me to propose. Only, somehow I didn't. But it was the closest shave I've ever had, and, as that was just twenty-five years ago, I began counting from then."

"Did Miss—er Emeline share the general expectation?"

"To be candid, I rather fancy she did. Several of her set were quite nasty about it afterwards, though it was obviously no business of theirs. She married somebody else later on, and lives in Ireland." George sighed reflectively.

As it was apparent that he would shortly become sentimental, a condition for which he is unfitted, I took my leave. "You're not really going to put that nonsense in the paper?" I asked.

"I am," said George, recovering abruptly. "If there is any way in which a put-upon bachelor can get equal with the world, I mean to take it. I regard it as a public duty. Look in again next week, and you'll see the result."

Curiosity brought me on my next visit to George with more anticipation than usual. The advertisement had duly appeared. But my inquiries found him oddly reticent.

"Look here, George," I said at length, "what did that paragraph produce?"

"I got stacks of letters, mostly humorous, that will require answering."

"No presents?"

"One," answered George reluctantly, "from Emeline."

This was intriguing. George's manner with regard to it was discouraging, not to say morose. But I am not easily put off.

"What sort of present?" I persisted.

"Oh, handsome enough. A silver frame, quite good in its way, with a family group of herself and her husband and three kids inside it. I shall take that out."

"Any inscription?"

The moment I had said it I saw that I had found the trouble.

"Only three words," answered George evasively. He hesitated. "But there, Emeline never did know how to express herself."

"George," I demanded sternly, "what were those three words?"

"*A Thank Offering*," said George.

Punch.

THE USELESS BATTLESHIP.

Admiral Sir Percy Scott has launched an argumentative torpedo at our own and every other navy, and the plain man is waiting to see whether it will take effect. In this species of warfare, however, it is not enough to aim well; the enemy must know when he is hit. There are obvious reasons why he should refuse to admit that he has been struck, exploded, and sunk. If Sir Percy Scott is right in declaring that the submarine has rendered every sort of warship useless, it requires only a simple calculation to realize the enormous consequences of his discovery. The first consequence would be that all the Powers would, sooner or later, scrap their battleships, and build no more. The second would be that they would all fall to building vast numbers of submarines and aeroplanes. But the new form of competition would differ greatly from the old. These new craft are cheap, and the poorest nation may with ease provide itself with a sufficiency of them to insure its own defence. In the second place, we fail to see how a Great Power overprovided with these craft could intimidate a small Power adequately provided. The struggle for a Balance of Sea-Power would soon become almost meaningless. For that matter, if Sir Percy Scott's thesis is ever accepted in the literal trenchant terms in which he states it, it seems to follow that naval warfare will have become an impossibility. The first stage is to

build so many submarines that no battleship dare put to sea. The second stage is to stop building battleships. The third and final step in this evolution is to recognize that since nothing exists for submarines to assail, they, in their turn, are useless.

It is a far-reaching argument, and we are not surprised that the "Times" should rebuke Sir Percy Scott for putting such a weapon into the hands of pacificists. It is probably destined to remain an inoperative theory for many a year to come. Sailors do not like admitting that their formidable ships are useless. Armament firms will be slow to allow their trade to lapse. Governments will be reluctant to admit that they have been wasting the nation's money. We foresee the most illogical of all possible issues to this argument for some time to come. We shall do what all Sir Percy Scott's critics advise us to do. We shall spend the maximum on battleships to be blown up, and on submarines to blow up other people's fleets. We shall act, in short, on the assumption that our own ships cannot be sunk, and that our submarines can sink those of any other Power.

Sir Percy Scott's is a quick and inventive mind, but he is hardly an authority so sovereign as to balance the main weight of service opinion. The curious layman must be content to the best of his ability to watch the contest. What chiefly impresses us is that while none of the presumably competent officers who have written to the "Times" will accept Sir Percy Scott's conclusion that we should stop building battleships, they are all of them so far in agreement with him about the value of submarines that they unite in bidding us build more of them. It is easy to accuse Sir Percy Scott of exaggeration, and clearly there are serious limits to a submarine's activity. It is blind at night. It can travel only 100 knots under water, and only then at ten knots an hour; which means that it cannot pursue. The torpedo, moreover, is not an absolutely accurate weapon, though we should suppose that at the close range work in which submarines revel, it is both accurate and deadly. It is probable, too, that Sir Percy Scott overstated his case when he claimed that no harbor could withstand a submarine. Explosive booms are not easily forced, and it is only in a deep harbor that a submarine can manœuvre to advantage. These reserves must not be forgotten, though the progress of invention may tend to overcome them. But, to our thinking, they leave the Admiral's main thesis intact. The position, as we understand it, is admittedly this; against a submarine which can get within range of a battleship, the battleship has no defence whatever, and will theoretically be sunk. To a proposition of this kind, it is no answer to accumulate adverse chances and unfavorable conditions. Let us allow for them all. The submarine, owing to its low speed, cannot always get within range of the ship; the ship may escape it by night, and occasionally, by a failure of nerve or a faulty use of the periscope, or through defective material, the torpedo will not find its mark. It remains true, none the less, so far as we can gather from this discussion, that no warship dare expose itself to attack by a submarine. That it might by good luck survive, and that there may be times or places where it would probably be immune from attack is no answer at all. No one would build warships on the chance that they might be fairly safe in the dark.

If this main thesis stands, then we think Sir Percy Scott's conclusion follows. There are, after all, some propositions which admit of no exaggeration. No unarmored ship can face a modern gun, and it is not an answer to

say that gunners do not always shoot straight. No warship, however powerful, will sail knowingly into a network of mines, and it is not an answer to say that mines do not always do what is expected of them. There are chances so terrible that they cannot be faced. The problem is moral as well as material. The North Sea incident showed us how an ill-disciplined fleet will behave when it fancies that there are torpedo-destroyers about. Would the nerves of the best disciplined fleet survive the knowledge or even the suspicion that they were within reach of submarines? The Japanese had no submarines in the Russian War, and the torpedo was not then as perfect as it is now. But on the first day of the war they managed by a sudden attack to turn the balance of naval force in their favor, and practically confined what was left of the Russian fleet to the guarded waters of Port Arthur. If half that is claimed for the submarine is true, it does not seem to us an extravagant conclusion to say that a Power which had at command a numerous submarine flotilla and used it ruthlessly on or even before the declaration of war, could cripple the enemy on the first day without risking its own capital ships if he ventured out to battle, or confine him to his harbors if he elected to be prudent.

If that is at all true, it follows that capital ships are useless. The case, of course, is immeasurably stronger, if Sir Percy Scott should be right in his further and more questionable claim that no harbor is an adequate defence against submarines. No layman can pretend to know the facts, but we suspect that the facts are none the less sufficiently known; it is the courage to draw the moral that is lacking. We should like, in all innocence and good faith, to put a hypothetical case. A squadron of Dreadnoughts is lying in Rosyth Harbor with steam up expecting a declaration of war, and the boom, which is supposed to be reliable, is closed. The telegraph brings the news that Germany has declared war or begun war. At that moment an aeroplane scout reports that he thinks he has seen the periscope of a submarine moving up the Forth. The presumption is that if there is one German submarine about, there are twenty or more. Would our fleet put out to sea? And if it should put out, and should promptly lose its flag-ship by a blow from the unseen enemy, would the other vessels ride on to destruction? The Admiralty, we suppose, has thought out such a case. We do not doubt that sailors are brave, and for the first time at least they would obey orders. But would the orders to sail be given, and if once they were given, with the result which Sir Percy Scott anticipates, could they ever be repeated?

Such a question as this ought to be capable of an answer, and that without waiting for the test of actual warfare. Manœuvres are not actual warfare, but the difference cuts both ways. The average man may do better when there is no real danger, but the man who has the true temperament of the sailor will take greater risks and surpass himself in enterprise under the stimulus of a real contest. For our part we are impressed by the tendency of thinkers much more cautious than Sir Percy Scott, to argue that the monster battleship is a mistake. They mean by that that the chance of losing one of these vast ships by a sudden unparriable blow is too great, and they argue for a reduction of these incalculable chances by building more and smaller ships. That reasoning to us is unconvincing. If the submarine is an enemy against which there is no defence, it is not to be dodged by building smaller ships and more of them.

The enemy's answer to that policy would, of course, be to build more submarines.

By two parallel lines of reasoning it seems to us evident that naval warfare, as the world used to know it, is becoming obsolete. Laymen have argued from the days of Cobden and Bright onwards, that the practice of capturing enemy merchantmen would not pay. Against an enemy who would, like Germany, always have land routes open to him and neutral ports within easy reach of him, and with the certainty that his losses as well as our own would fall mainly upon our own underwriters, it is clear that it would be at once useless and disastrous. Sir Edward Grey's recent speech has made it clear that the Government is at length beginning to admit what "pacificists" have long preached. When capture is abolished, as "Mancunian" argues in his able brochure, "The Freedom of Commerce in War" (P. S. King & Son), half the functions of the navy have gone. It may still blockade—no very useful function. It must still defend our coasts. But if Sir Percy Scott is right, these are functions which the submarine can adequately perform, and which the capital ship dare no longer undertake. We are entering on a period of fresh and revolutionary thinking in these matters. The question of the future may soon be whether the obsolete barbarisms, the weapons, and the methods which have outlived utility, shall continue to impose themselves as an economic burden.

The Nation.

THE PRIME OF LIFE.

The "prime of life" is one of those elastic terms which literature does not help us to make definite. Swift spoke of a man of twenty-eight as already past his prime. George Eliot put it at about forty-four. In common parlance we should say it usually means in the forties. If we take the words in a purely physical sense, as we suppose they were taken in Swift's time, we should say that twenty-five was the prime of life. If we take them to mean the prime of character—the age when a man is most himself, when all his powers, mental and moral, are at their height, when, in fact, his individuality is most marked—it may be said to differ with different individuals, but it comes seldom before thirty. If by the prime of life we mean the easiest part, the bit of the journey which is least strenuous and most comfortable, it may well be doubted whether any part of middle life can be regarded as the prime. One of the early Fathers of the Church thought that all would be thirty-seven in the next world, no matter at what age they left this. That, rightly or wrongly, he held was the age at which our Lord was crucified, and was what he thought from his own experience the most perfect period of life. As he was so set upon this odd form of equality, it was not, we think, a bad selection to make. A world of young people would seem at first sight a more lively place, but we doubt whether in reality it would not be very dull. Only very strong individualities develop fully in youth. In fact, a character which appears to be strongly marked and highly colored in childhood often seems to become blurred after the boys and girls are grown up. When youth is quite over the outline is once more visible. The truth is that when childhood is past the heavy hand of fashion seeks to make all men alike, or rather to make them conform to a limited number of types. We dress as our

neighbors dress, we endeavor to talk like them, we determine to behave like them, and we try to think like them. The result is a self-conscious uniformity. The specially good, the specially bad, and the specially gracious stand out always from the common herd. But it must be admitted that there are a vast number of young people who are, or strive to be, reduplicates of each other. While people are young it is almost always possible to "place" them, so to speak. Any shrewd observer can quickly tell where they belong intellectually, or even socially. He will label them when he sees them as items in a particular bunch. But when they are old they cease to be items and become individuals, and where they belong is the last instead of the first question which occurs to the mind of the shrewd observer in connection with them. In these days of prolonged youth the time of bondage is proportionately long. Youth is a Trade Union which has many centres governed by one spirit. Half through the thirties, at the latest, experience sets these willing slaves at liberty, and for the first time since their childhood they are themselves. After that period there comes a long pause. Only when the struggle of life is nearly over, when we are really growing old, comes sometimes another marked development in character.

On the whole, if we were doomed to live in a world where varieties in age were unknown, we think that thirty-seven would be the best age to make universal. A world without children would be a dull world. On the other hand, no one would wish for a world consisting only of children, because no one, oddly enough, ever wishes to be a child. When we say "no one" the words of the poet Vaughan recur to us; but his feeling is a rare one. No one, certainly not the old, would wish to live in a world of old people; yet for some women, and perhaps more men, old age must, so far as character is concerned, be called the prime of life. Some characters are ruined by worldliness and others by harshness till they approach the end of life, when these two defects are outgrown. An old woman who has been called worldly is often a charming companion. A new and very quick growth of sympathy is fostered by a wide experience. At the eleventh hour she earns the reward of affection; or, rather, her own affections, which have been confined within a narrow space, crowded out by the pleasures of life, spread over a larger surface. Much the same thing often happens with men of harsh mind. They shed their harshness with their energy, and all sorts of virtues not noticed before in their characters come to light and flourish. It is possible that excessive harshness and absorbing worldliness are both the result of circumstances, and prove a character not sufficiently strong to conquer them. Harshness is considered to be a defect of strength, but we think it is more often nothing but uncontrollable emotion—a kind of regularly recurrent indignation, as weak in reality as sentimentality itself. Worldliness in the sense of social ambition is, as a rule, an intellectual defect—a false sense of values which the education of life corrects. Most very late developed people have suffered morally from runs of luck. Roughly speaking, a normal mixture of happiness and trouble has the best effect upon character. We may just occasionally see something approaching to perfection produced by either alone, but the ordinary curriculum of life turns out the best article as a rule. The character becomes sunparched by prosperity or is torn to tatters by recurrent storms. When the run of luck ends a man's individuality emerges again. In a sense he becomes once more a child. Old age is in itself a sufficient misfortune, but it precludes

very often those fierce troubles which shake the mind in middle life. Also the law of averages will reassert itself if a man live long enough.

What, we wonder, would be the effect upon the world at large if the average length of life could be materially prolonged—if, for instance, a drug were found which would put off old age for another twenty years? It is difficult to imagine a lengthening of any other time of life than middle age. It is the only period when the clock appears for a while to stop. Youth would not be youth if it were not fleeting. It would not be delightful, adorable, or even excusable. It must be evanescent. Old age is, again, a period of movement. We cannot imagine its indefinite prolongation. But at the top of the hill we might surely stop with advantage—with advantage, at any rate, to the community. Middle age makes for moderation. What Sir Thomas Browne calls "the furious face of things" would tend to disappear, and an immense increase of sympathy without passion, humor without hilarity, fervor without fanaticism, would take place. On the other hand, do we desire to give increased weight in the community to those with whom comfort has become essential, with whom conviction is shaken, and the power of combination has considerably lessened? We are all to some extent educated by our children. We begin life with some prejudices which they tear from us. We hate, say, certain opinions, certain attitudes of mind, certain types of character. With pain we see our children approaching to these opinions, these attitudes, these types. The fact does not lessen our affection; it destroys our prejudice. If we, in full vigor, could watch two generations grow up, should we not learn more? The inevitable reaction of thought which sets in with each new generation would occur twice or three times under our eyes. The temptation to cynicism would be great. We might come to regard the hopes and foregone conclusions which make the glory of the great adventure as so many symptoms of youth. It is possible to be over-educated, to smother intuition under experience. Should we not, perhaps, come to know too much?

The Spectator.

MR. ROOSEVELT AS EXPLORER.

Mr. Roosevelt's vivid narrative before the Royal Geographical Society does not seem altogether to have killed the foolish affectation of regarding his Amazonian exploration as a rich jest. The levity of much of the comment on his engrossing story is scarcely creditable to our reputation for good sense and good manners. There may be an element of humor in the discovery of the "River of Doubt" by the one man of the modern world for whom doubt is thought not to exist. Like Macaulay, Mr. Roosevelt seems more sure of everything—except why certain beasts are "protectively" colored!—than most men are of anything; and it is only natural that people of slower and less vivacious brain should seek consolation in the reflection that he who so imperiously assumes all knowledge as his province should be something of a pretender. It must be confessed, too, that the fact that Mr. Roosevelt is perpetually being talked about is a little disconcerting. It cannot be always his own fault. For example, it is certain that he did not consciously contrive to be shot by a lunatic during his last election campaign. Yet this marvellous habit of occupying the centre of the stage upsets all our little theories con-

cerning those who dwell perpetually in the limelight. The eternally conspicuous man is so often a windy, unsubstantial person that we are apt to do less than justice to those who seek not the illumination of the lantern of notoriety but are obsequiously followed by it. There are some people still who look on the German Emperor as mainly a theatrical posture-maker. The same class of mind finds it hard to understand how Mr. Roosevelt can fill so much space in the papers and remain the reality he in fact is.

The truth is that "the Colonel," as American journalists love to call him, is a man not to be measured by an inch-tape. He belongs to the tiny minority for whom our common rules fail to provide. His type was never very common, and is now all but extinct. Old Greece and Old Rome knew the breed well. It throve in Renaissance Europe. Elizabethan England produced some of its finest examples. Its main characteristic is an insatiable appetite, an immense gust for life. It wants to taste every experience, and is not content with a sip only, but quaffs the goblet in great satisfying gulps. It finds equal joy in a Court cabal, in the sober work of administration, in the writing of a sonnet, in the fighting of a duel. In fact, all life is a duel to a man of this kidney. He attacks a Greek philosopher in the same spirit that he fights a Spanish galleon, or leads an exploring party through antres vast and deserts idle. And he will never lack adventures. He will find them at the Capitol or at the British Local Government Board in the twentieth century just as easily as on the Spanish Main in the sixteenth. In most strange modern guise Mr. Roosevelt is really spiritual brother to Walter Raleigh. He is gentleman adventurer to the finger-tips. Fighting Spaniards in Cuba, or trust bosses in New York, hunting big game in East Africa, flourishing the "big stick" of the Monroe doctrine, giving "Bull Moose" election speeches for three months on end, decreeing the "nu speling" or laying down the law to "race suicides," Mr. Roosevelt is the fighting man, with whom the joy of battle is the main thing, and the *casus belli* a matter of secondary importance. He has enjoyed it all immensely, just as he enjoyed the rapids, and the monkey-meals, and the carnivorous fish of his Brazilian odyssey. It is only in the nature of things that his famous river should be as long as the Rhine. One cannot imagine Mr. Roosevelt discovering a mere Thames or Severn. Big things will happen to a man made on so big a plan. Fate has a nice sense of dramatic unity in these matters. If Mr. Roosevelt, like Raleigh, arrived at a State prison, we may be sure that his leisure would be occupied by no less a subject than the history of the world. It would be a good history of its kind, too. Plodding specialists would no doubt scent out many inaccuracies. They would complain, perhaps, that there was too much Roosevelt. But the book would be interesting, a big, strenuous book, with the swash of a broadsword in its critical passages.

It is the tame, home-keeping man's failure to understand the Roosevelt type that leads him to giggle over foolish depreciation of the ex-President's exploring feats. The Scotts, the Shackletons, the Seton-Karrs—approved and accredited voyagers in the inane—these everybody understands. But that a man shall one day be head of a great State, another day eagerly writing articles and books, and yet again setting out light-heartedly on a dangerous excursion into the unknown—"jumping at the chance"—this is something quite outside ordinary experience, and the assumption that the exploration was after all nothing but a mere holiday

jaunt is welcomed by people who feel their own manhood affronted by Mr. Roosevelt's extraordinary powers of body and mind. There is no excuse for maintaining this grudging and foolish attitude. Interested political opponents in America may, if they choose, continue to poke fun at the Amazonian discoveries. But here Mr. Roosevelt, after his simple and convincing narrative, should be secure against buffoonery, and should receive from the public the same generous appreciation learned geographers have already expressed concerning his very notable achievement. The exact appraisement of his discovery may be left to the informed in such matters. There is nothing extraordinary in finding a new river in a vast region so imperfectly known as the upper Amazon valley. It should be enough for the ordinary man that Mr. Roosevelt has added in several important particulars to civilized man's knowledge of the untracked South American wilderness, and that he has given fresh proofs of a courage and an endurance that adds lustre to our common Anglo-Saxondom —so far, that is, as either nation has any of the Anglo-Saxon left in it.

The Saturday Review.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"New Men for Old," by Howard Vincent O'Brien, is written for the capitalist, the worker, the theorist, and the newspaper-editor, and the author has striven to fancy himself at all points of view in turn and to be absolutely fair. As far as can be judged by any one not competent to occupy two positions at once, he has succeeded. Whether he is a true prophet, the years must tell, but such stories as his must promote that mutual understanding without which men must still blindly grope through the mysteries of fate. Allegory and satire are among the instruments with which Mr. O'Brien serves himself, and the upshot of the story is a general resolve "to work for the joy of the working." Mitchell Kennerley, publisher.

Ellen Montgomery and Pet Marjorie seem fused together in the childish figure of the heroine of Mrs. Mary Heaton Vorse's "The Heart's Country," as one sees her in the opening pages of the book. She grows older very gracefully, her childish impulsiveness giving place to a sweet unselfishness which makes her the easy victim of every schemer, but preserves her gentleness and amiability. One sees her so plainly that one flames with anger when petty meanness is inflicted upon her. That Mrs. Vorse at least makes her happy artistically does give some literary comfort, but in one's soul one longs for some adequate punishment for the man who has trifled with her. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Message of New Thought," by Abel Leighton Allen, is a clear exposition of so-called New Thought as distinguished, on the one hand, from the old established Christian creeds, and, on the other hand, from Christian Science. Some of the distinctions made by Mr. Allen are as follows: the failure of New Thought to establish a formal creed, believing that as religion is man's conception of truth, it must be constantly changing, hence the name, new thought; belief that the difference between the divinity of Christ and that of men is a difference in degree and not kind, which eliminates the immaculate conception; the

Bible inspired only as other great great books are inspired; belief in miracles only as the workings of the natural law. In other words, Mr. Allen claims that New Thought is the evolutionist's religion. From the concept of an immanent God, that life means God, Mr. Allen deduces the concept that body is simply the expression of mind and can therefore be absolutely controlled by mind. On the other hand, as distinguished from Christian Science, Mr. Allen declares that New Thought does not seek to control the body by denying its existence, that New Thought belongs to the idealistic school of philosophy only in so far as to believe that "As a man thinks, so is he." "The Message of New Thought" is optimistic and inspiring. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

"The Coming Hawaii," by Joseph King Goodrich, is an excellent summary of the history and present condition of our islands in the Pacific, but its attempts at prophecy are very slight. It seems a pity not to give a valuable book a title which will advertise its real merits, instead of concealing them under one which is only an appeal to our modern penchant for prying into the future. There are interesting chapters on the folk-lore, language, literature, ethnology, and social customs of the natives; on their political and religious history from the first visit of Captain Cook in 1778 to the present day; on the economic effect of the advent of the foreigners, and the characteristics and influence of the cosmopolitan mixture of races which is now found there; chapters on flora and fauna, on scenery and geology, sports, educational facilities and methods, social life, industrial development, strategic value as a military and naval base, and many other subjects. Anyone who wishes a book of reference on the subject will find it as painstaking and comprehensive as an encyclopædia; the general reader will find an interesting story of the transformation of an archipelago of savages into a civilized community. A. C. McClurg & Co.

It seems but the other day that only Irishmen were quite sure how to pronounce Mr. W. B. Yeats's name, and here comes a "new and revised" edition of "Stories of Red Hanrahan," "The Secret Rose" and "Rosa Alchemica" in a pretty edition, and everybody knows his plays, and has seen the Irish Players. But if Mr. Yeats's songs and dramas are irresistible, what shall be said of the spells woven in his prose? Eighteen years ago, when Mr. Yeats first published "Stories of Red Hanrahan" he said in his dedication to "A. E." that they had but one subject, the war of spiritual with natural order . . . "So far," he added, "as it is visionary, it is Irish, for Ireland which is predominantly Celtic, has preserved with some less excellent things a gift of vision, which has died out among more hurried and more successful nations: no shining candelabra have prevented us from looking into the darkness, and when one looks into the darkness, there is always something there." Thus the true story teller's language; phrases light as down but clinging fast where they fall and not to be forgotten. In all the shorter stories, one finds this quality, but in "Rosa Alchemica" another strain is heard. Here terror and beauty combine and loveliness mysteriously affrights, but at the last, good overcomes and the narrator who always wears the rosary about his neck presses it to his heart saying, "He whose name is Legion is at our door, but we have no trust but in This and then the war that rages within me at other times is still and I am at peace." Thus lovingly are revelation and poetry reconciled. May Mr. Yeats's editions be many. The Macmillan Company.